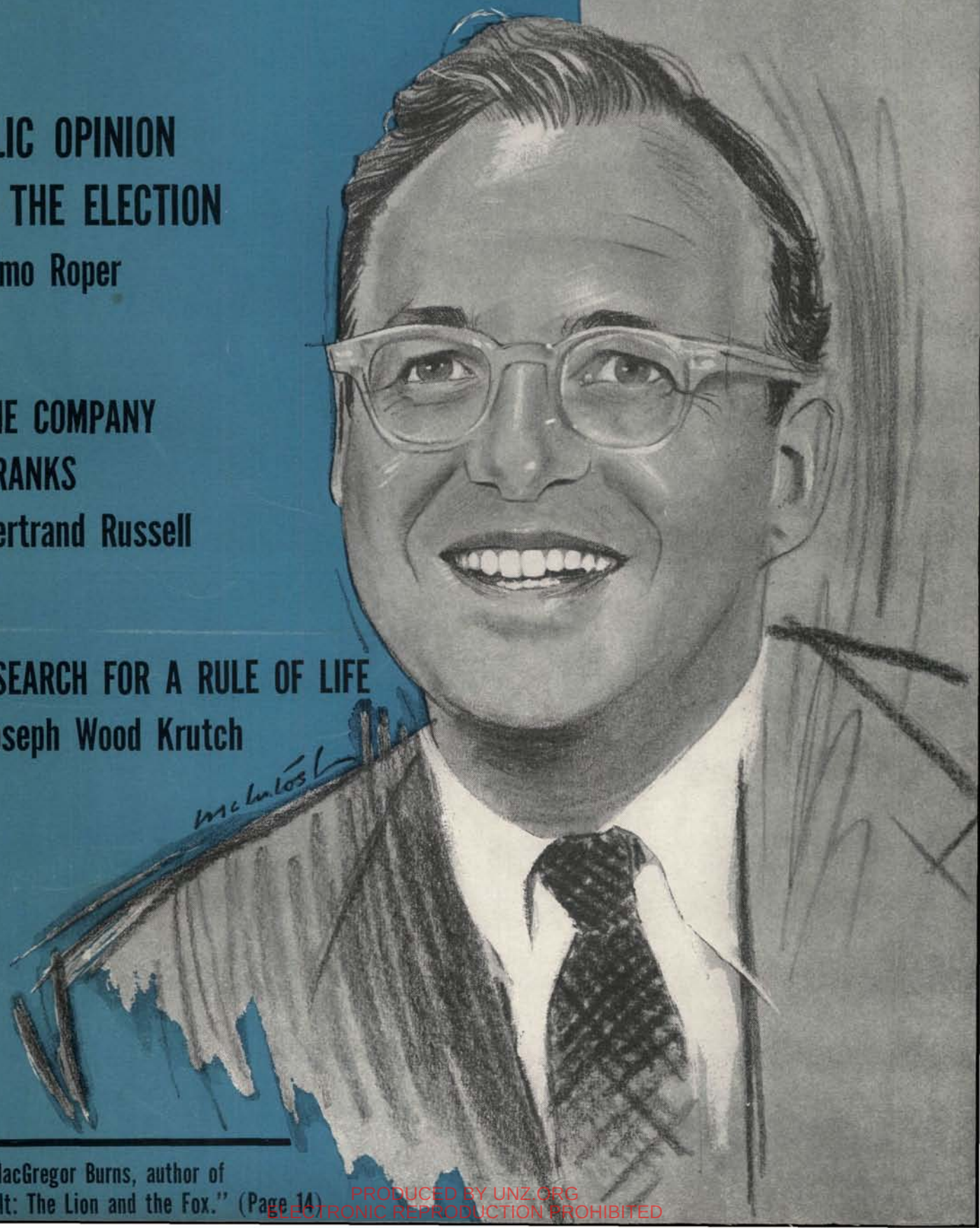
Saturday Review

UGUST 11, 1956 / 20¢

UBLIC OPINION
ND THE ELECTION
y Elmo Roper

THE COMPANY
F CRANKS
y Bertrand Russell

HE SEARCH FOR A RULE OF LIFE
y Joseph Wood Krutch



mes MacGregor Burns, author of
osevelt: The Lion and the Fox." (Page 14)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This could be just the place for a pleasant Sunday stroll

Once it may have been a place of sunshine, rather than shadows. It can be again.

Could it be a street in your community? Think before you answer. Few neighborhoods are *entirely* free from the threat of blight. Absence of eyesores so obvious as this scene does not mean you are out of danger. Blight breeds silently. Slums have many long and stealthy arms. They thrive on carelessness, complacency, indifference. From tiny toeholds in one home, in one street, they surge outward to ravage entire communities. Slums are always closer than you think.

Protect your own future! Stay alert. Remember that your property value can increase or decrease as your neighborhood improves or declines. Recognize the contagious virulence of blight. Act to check it. Stop a slum *before* it starts—before it grows to full strength.

Take pride in your community: Join with your neighbors to keep your neighborhood strong and safe. Are streets and sidewalks in good repair? Are residential streets free of heavy traffic? Are good schools within walking distance? Keep community standards high. Encourage others by your interest.

Take pride in your property: Make timely repairs. Keep floors and foundations firm. Make sure of proper bath and kitchen facilities. Roofs may leak, wiring can become overloaded, grounds need periodic attention. Keep simple things from becoming serious. Let your property set a standard for others.

Action is the answer! Clean up our slums—keep up your home. Support the groups which combat substandard housing, which seek higher local living conditions.

Write A.C.T.I.O.N. for information: A private, national, non-profit organization—A.C.T.I.O.N. can help you. For information about how you and your neighbors can work together to improve neighborhood and community standards, write a letter explaining the exact kind of information you need to: *ACTION, Box 500, Radio City Station, New York 20, N.Y.*

GOOD NEIGHBORHOODS ARE OUR NATION'S STRENGTH

ACTION

American Council To Improve Our Neighborhoods

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ELMER DAVIS and ARCHIBALD MacLEISH issue

A CLEAN POLITICS APPEAL

on behalf of:

WAYNE L. MORSE	RICHARD STENGEL	MILLARD E. TYDINGS
vs.	vs.	vs.
Douglas McKay	Everett M. Dirksen	John M. Butler

IF you are after a special subsidy, tariff or paving contract, don't read any further. We're not your kind of people.

IF you are one of the small group of "fat cats" whose contributions will account for 95% of the $200,000,000 that will be spent on politics this year, stop right here. You don't need us to remind you of the importance of this election, or to suggest what you can do about it.

The fact is that candidates without access to wealthy supporters or special interest groups are gravely handicapped. Unfortunately, it is often the liberal and more independent candidates who have the least money, particularly in Congressional campaigning. That so many good men win anyhow is an indication of the importance of giving them at least the minimum necessary to make themselves known to the voters who must make the decision.

• • •

The outcome of the three contests for which we seek your support will do more to set the tone of national politics in the next two years than any others.

In Oregon, ***Wayne L. Morse*** *(D), one of the most independent and courageous men in the Senate, must run for reelection in a state where financial resources on his side are practically non-existent. His opponent, former Secretary of the Interior McKay, will have literally unlimited financial backing.*

In Illinois, ***Richard Stengel*** *(D), frequently named by non-partisan groups as an outstanding member of the Illinois Legislature, has an excellent chance of upsetting incumbent Senator Everett M. Dirksen (R) if he can come even close to matching Dirksen's campaign funds. Dirksen, whom Time magazine called "the Wizard of Ooze," is one of the most dispensable members of the Senate, and the prospect of his replacement by a young, vigorous and responsible challenger of Stengel's caliber is already attracting impressive Republican and Independent support in Illinois.*

In Maryland, former Senator ***Millard Tydings*** *(D) is again opposing John M. Butler (R), whose victory over Tydings in 1950 was the result of what the Senate Subcommittee on Privileges and Elections called a "despicable 'back street' type of campaign," involving fake photographs, smears, etc. We believe it is essential to the health of our political system that the voters of Maryland be given a fair opportunity to repudiate Butler's 1950 tactics.*

• • •

This advertisement is an experiment—a volunteer citizens' effort to test whether the informed public will actually do something about a situation it has often deplored, whether it will make a genuine effort to balance the flow of special interest money in politics.

YOUR response to this appeal—whether with a $100-$5-$2 contribution—will be your answer. The success of our experiment is up to **you**. Don't depend on other readers. Make **your** contribution as large as possible and send it, with the attached coupon, today!

Elmer Davis

ELMER DAVIS

Archibald MacLeish

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

Concerning contributions:
Checks or money orders should be made out to "A Clean Politics Appeal." Contributions may be earmarked; otherwise they will be divided equally among the three candidates. *All* funds collected from this appeal will go to the candidates. Administration costs are being paid by the National Committee for an Effective Congress.

A Clean Politics Appeal
Box 1163, Washington 13, D.C.

Messrs. Davis & MacLeish:

Enclosed is my contribution of $_____ to A Clean Politics Appeal.

☐ Please divide it equally among the campaigns of Wayne L. Morse, Richard Stengel and Millard E. Tydings.

☐ Please earmark it as follows: _____

_____

Name_____

Address_____

City_____State_____

PLEASE PRINT #7

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Advertisement)

Most new books are bought twice, once by you, and, before that, by your bookseller.

You probably buy books on the basis of reviews in this magazine or elsewhere, on the recommendation of friends (including your bookseller), or (I hope) from remarks here. Booksellers have to make their selections earlier and without benefit of the expert guidance you have. How then, you may wonder, does a bookseller know what books to order?

One answer is, he uses the "trade" reviewers who evaluate for him forthcoming books before they are published. There are four leading trade review media, and this is what they thought of some recent Doubleday books:

Virginia Kirkus, whose evaluations of new books is available to professionals only, said of "Afternoon of an Autocrat," a Norah Lofts novel of 19th Century England: "It is an oddly fascinating tale, in which period and place cast their magic over the interweaving of two separate stories."

In *The American News of Books*, a monthly estimate of demand for new books, Donald Gordon recommended Donald Elder's biography, "Ring Lardner." He thought it "highly distinctive," and found that the samples of Lardner's humor quoted in the book still "produce chuckles on sight."

Francis Ludlow, of *The Retail Bookseller*, warned that Vardis Fisher's "Pemmican," a novel about the Hudson's Bay Company, discusses things "never mentioned in polite literature." Nonetheless, he chose it as the month's "most remarkable book," because of "its irresistible narrative sweep."

And in *Publishers' Weekly* Mary Elisabeth Edes called Marguerite Steen's "The Unquiet Spirit," "a classical English horror story . . . filled with eerie suspense."

This is what four experts thought. You might find it interesting to pit your judgment against theirs. If so, all of these books are available through your bookseller. He will be interested in what you think of them. And so will I.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

Books mentioned above include "Afternoon of an Autocrat," by Norah Lofts ($3.95); "Ring Lardner," by Donald Elder ($4.75); "Pemmican," by Vardis Fisher ($3.95); and "The Unquiet Spirit," by Marguerite Steen ($3.75). All are published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Ave., N. Y. 22, N. Y.

The Saturday Review

AUGUST 11, 1956

Cover Drawing by Hal McIntosh
After a Photograph by Hans Namuth

SR/IDEAS

7 In the Company of Cranks, by Bertrand Russell

9 Public Opinion and the Election, by Elmo Roper

11 The Urbanity of Stevens, by Elizabeth Green

26 The Search for a Rule of Life: An Editorial

SR/BOOKS

14 The Lion and the Fox, by James MacGregor Burns
Reviewed by Lindsay Rogers

15 John D. Rockefeller, Jr., a Portrait, by Raymond B. Fosdick
Reviewed by John D. Hicks

16 Eli Whitney and the Birth of American Technology, by Constance McL. Green
Reviewed by Roger Burlingame

17 Bitter Honeymoon and Other Stories, by Alberto Moravia
Reviewed by James Kelly

17 A Man's Estate, by Emyr Humphreys
Reviewed by Harvey Curtis Webster

18 Hilda Manning, by Allan Seager
Reviewed by Harrison Smith

19 Arctic Wilderness, by Robert Marshall

Spring on an Arctic Island, by Katharine Scherman
Reviewed by Murray Morgan

20 Journey from the Arctic, by D. C. Brown
Reviewed by Raymond Holden

21 The Search for Captain Slocum, by Walter Magnes Teller
Reviewed by Robert Payne

23 Golden Interlude, by Janet Dunbar
Reviewed by Evelyn Eaton

24 The Empress Frederick, by Richard Barkeley
Reviewed by Helen Beal Woodward

SR/DEPARTMENTS

5 Trade Winds

6 Literary Crypt

20 Literary I. Q.

28 Letters to the Editor

29 SR Goes to the Movies

30 TV and Radio

31 Music to My Ears

32 Mid-Month Recordings

35 Booked for Travel

38 Ideas on Film

43 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1168

THE SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Publisher, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager; Marion Urmy, Assistant; to the Publisher. Subscription $7 a year; $8 in Canada.Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U.S. Vol. XXXIX, No. 32, August 11, 1956. Re-entered as second-class matter January 11, 1952, at the Post Office in under the Act of March 3, 1879, indexed in the "Readers Guide to Periodical Literature." Entire issue copyright 1956 by Saturday Review, Inc.

The UNIVERSITY of CHICAGO

offers you 150 paths to personal achievement

AT HOME

Open your door to 150 exciting adventures in ideas. The University's resources are at your service to help you expand your cultural horizons . . . advance your professional status . . . enrich your personal life.

Invite University scholars into your own home through unique conversation-by-mail courses. Start at any time . . . wherever you live . . . progress at your own pace.

150 courses for adults in *Personal Investments, Freud, Toynbee, Psychology, Semantics, The Great Books, Philosophy, Human Relations, Creative Writing, Mathematics, World Affairs, Education,* and many more.

Send for the new Home-Study ANNOUNCEMENTS now, and learn how this program can help you achieve a more stimulating life and a brighter future. Write to:

The Home-Study Department
The UNIVERSITY of CHICAGO
Box SR-100, Chicago 37, Illinois

A proper anthropologist and some conniving Irishmen turn an ancient fertility rite into a fine Irish stew

THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW PATH
A novel by Honor Tracy
$3.50
RANDOM HOUSE

MEMO TO WRITERS:
The priceless ingredient in every book is the integrity of the publisher. If we are convinced of the quality and sales potential of your manuscript, we will offer you a fair cooperative contract. Publication will be handled by men of vision and experience. Submit your manuscript to:
THE AMERICAN PRESS
Atten: Mr. Saunders, 489 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.

YOU CAN PUBLISH YOUR BOOK
Almost 2000 authors—most of them new—have had their books published, promoted and distributed through our unique plan. No matter what type of book you've written—fiction, poetry, biography, religious—we can help you. Send for our free illustrated brochure, "We Can Publish Your Book".
EXPOSITION PRESS | Dept. SR-95
386 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, NEW YORK
IN CALIFORNIA: 9172 SUNSET BLVD., HOLLYWOOD 46

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRADE Winds

HEADLINES THAT HIT MY FANCY occur more often in *Variety* than in any other newspaper I see, and my current pet concerns Harvard, the Ford Foundation, and a joint project to do certain university courses on television, at Boston's educational station, WGBH-TV.

Two lecturers are to be appointed annually for this experiment, the first two being Prof. Edwin G. Boring, head of Harvard's Psychological Laboratory, and that great civil libertarian Prof. Zechariah Chafee, Jr. The headline:

Harvard Gives 2 Profs
The Electronic Chair

THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING is going to press again—in bronze yet! Which is to say, a second edition is now being hand-wrought of the bronze plaque up on the eighty-sixth, or Observatory, floor, which bears the 158 especially commissioned words by MacKinlay Kantor titled "The Empire State Lights."

The first plaque, with all due ceremony, was installed on May 3, and the lights referred to, of course, are the four rotating beacons at the very top of the World's Tallest, a quadruplet which weighs about four tons, which cost about $250,000, and which nightly casts forth about two billion candle power, thus shining like quite a few good deeds in a naughty world.

"Whence rise you, Lights?" are the first four words of the 158, to which Mr. Kantor supplies an answer before going on to other queries and their answers: "What mark you, Lights? . . . Sing you a song, Proud Lights? . . . Strong Lights, why never do you fear?" and, finally, "What offer you to God, O Lights?"

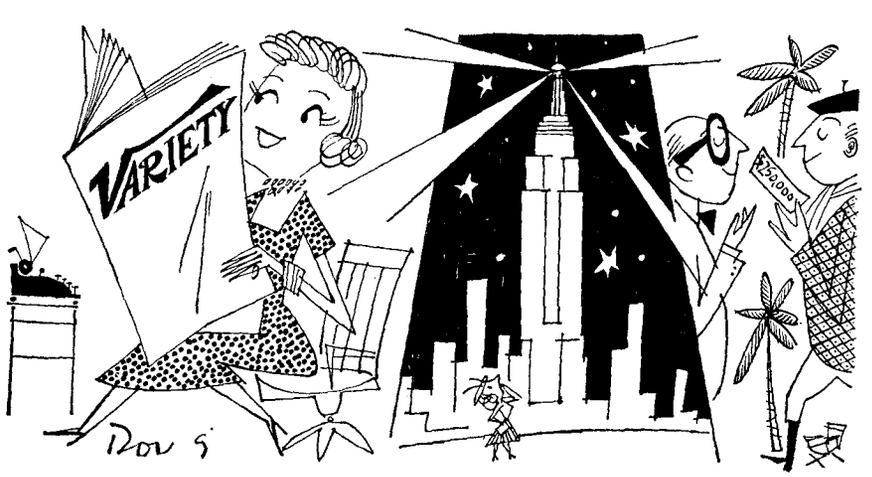
To see the bronze Q and A, however, one has to go *up* to the eighty-sixth floor, paying $1.30 for the privilege; this financial block will be removed before the end of the year by placing the second edition at ground level in the free-for-all lobby.

SPEAKING OF EDITIONS, a ninth has just been ordered for another work by MacKinlay Kantor, that grim and terrible and wonderful "Andersonville," which won the Pulitzer Prize this spring, has been a best-seller for thirty-eight weeks, and now will total 200,000 copies, Book-of-the-Month Club edition aside.

Though I do find the bronze plaque a mite sticky, I'm a great admirer of "Andersonville," and read it in galleys one entire week-end last August until my eyes felt like rotating beacons. I remember how delighted I was one afternoon, about three months before its publication, when I got a phone call from Mr. Kantor's editor, Donald Friede, who was also doubling in bronze as his agent. "It did," Mr. Friede said. "I told you it would. They thought I was kidding on the price, but it just did—I just finished telling Mac."

What the excited Mr. Friede was inhaling and exhaling about was the astonishing news that his demand for $250,000 for "Andersonville's" movie rights had just been met—after weeks of dead silence from the rest of Hollywood—by Jerry Wald, executive producer at Columbia.

P.S. This same Mr. Wald, a few weeks later, also exec-prodded his studio into buying another book long before its publication day. This hasn't won the Pulitzer Prize—as yet—but it also became a Book-of-the-Month,



At last! At last! The first spiral-bound book of

DOUBLE-CROSTICS

The new Double-Crostics book is just out. It is the 36th in the Series. It contains 50 brand new puzzles by DORIS NASH WORTMAN.

We hope that the thousands who like to solve *Double-Crostics* on trains, on ships, in planes, on beaches, in hammocks, in gondolas, in funiculars, on tops of Alps, and—even when on home ground—on their laps, will be pleased with this new format.

The idea was to make your pencil-work as comfortable as possible. Each puzzle in the new spiral-bound *Double-Crostics* book is on one page. The book opens flat and is so solid that, in between puzzles, you can close it and use it as a tea tray. (Size 8¼" x 11")

We suggest that you get a copy for yourself today and a few more for your most literate and lively-minded vacationing friends. Use the coupon below.

Mail the coupon today. The postman will bring your new spiral-bound copy of *Double-Crostics* #36 and you'll have a weather-proof vacation

Note to anybody who is about to try a Double-Crostic puzzle for the first time: we promise you'll enjoy it. You'll feel a little like a detective, a little like a poet, a little like the fellow who solved the message on the Rosetta stone. All the equipment you need, in addition to the book (which contains quick, simple instructions for solving) is a pencil and a mind not overstuffed but nicely furnished.

To your bookseller, or

SATURDAY REVIEW, 25 West 45th St., New York 36, N. Y.

Please send me ..... copies of *Kingsley Double-Crostics Series 36.* Price $1.95 each.

I am enclosing my remittance for $.....

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ **Zone**____ **State**_____

(New York City residents add 3% city sales tax)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and now it's the No. 1 Best-Seller in the U.S.

"The Last Hurrah," of course, by Edwin O'Connor.

"THERE'S SOMETHING SO TOUCHING about talent in the very young, I may be overestimating a short, startling first novel by a French girl who was eighteen when she wrote it."

I wrote that myself nearly two years ago, and of course the novel was "Bonjour Tristesse," by Françoise Sagan, which hadn't yet appeared in this country.

When it did, in February 1955, it made an immediate sensation; by now it has sold over 450,000 copies in France, has appeared in fourteen other languages, has sold 120,000 copies in the regular edition here, and 1,500,000 in the first six weeks of its life as a Dell paperback reprint.

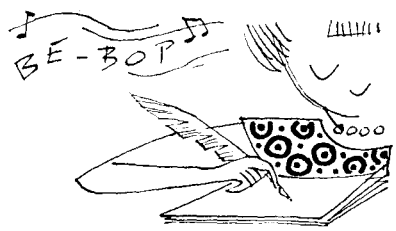
It left, in fact, only one publishing question unanswered about Mlle. Sagan: Could she ever do it again?

She has.

"A Certain Smile," coming next week from Dutton, is already a certain smash hit. The same length as her first, this new novel is about 28,000 words in all, what we usually call a novelette and what Europeans call a novella. Dedicated to André Malraux's daughter, Florence, it came out in Paris in March, and before April was half over had sold 250,000 copies.

Here its first two printings totaled 100,000, both before publication, and its reprint rights are already sold. A condensed version is to appear next month in *Woman's Home Companion*, and—if I'm permitted to talk so soon again of Hollywood—Twentieth Century-Fox long since has gobbled up its film rights, for some 52,000,000 francs or $150,000 down, against a possible 8 per cent of the box-office gross later on. (Who's smiling now?)

The screenplay has already been assigned to Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett, those wedded collaborators who won a Pulitzer Prize this year also, for their stage adaptation of



"The Diary of Anne Frank," so whatever you think of the novel, novelette, or novella you probably will one day approve of the movie.

"A Certain Smile," like its predecessor, will also be called sensational or even immoral; it deals, too, with extramarital affairs, this time between a girl of eighteen and a man in his forties, uncle of her own teen-age lover. Before it appeared in France, Françoise Sagan, whose real name is Quoirez, showed a moment of non-characteristic self-deprecation and said, "The critics will shoot me down like a partridge."

But she was wrong. Such top-drawer reviewers as Emile Henriot, of *Le Monde*, proclaimed the new novel "perfect," and *The New Yorker*'s "Letter from Paris" correspondent, Janet Flanner, wrote that it proves Mlle. Sagan "a born novelist of style and quality, whose performance is unconnected with her calendar."

Speaking of which, "I can now reveal confidentially," as the secrecy pundits say, that the novelist is no longer a teen-ager. She wrote "A Certain Smile" at twenty and turned twenty-one this June. Getting old!

But she still loves "quick cars," bebop, and other such youthful pursuits, though she now declares firmly that she is through for all time with doing brief work.

Her next, and third, novel will be long and full and leisurely, with a large canvas and many characters—her first major opus. She expects to work on it so carefully and for so long a time she will be a veteran of twenty-three when it appears.

—Laura Z. Hobson.

Editor's Note: Trade Winds *is being conducted by Laura Z. Hobson while Bennett Cerf is on vacation.*

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 685

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 685 will be found in the next issue.

K NSBYXG. YP JG

ZGBNSIGKJVG. WXZY VSUG

FPVH JG KVVPCGH MSYE

ZPWG IPWWPQGB JXY

WPBG HXBKJVG WGYKV.

—ZKWXGV JXYVGB.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 684

A good cigar is as great a comfort to a man as a good cry to a woman.

—Edward Bulwer Lytton.

Literary Sampler

THE BOOK AT MID-CENTURY: Twenty years ago a sale of two thousand copies was enough to recoup an American publisher for the cost of producing a book. Above that point he was making a profit. In the countries of Western Europe the break-even point was still lower, and publishers found themselves earning money after a sale of only fifteen or even twelve hundred copies. Today an American publisher cannot break even on a sale of less than about seven thousand copies. In western Europe the critical figure is slightly lower, but still at least three times what it used to be before the Second World War. The price of books has, of course, been considerably increased in recent years. Whether it can be increased much further seems doubtful. People will cheerfully pay four or five times as much as they used to pay for a dinner at their favorite restaurant; but they will not pay more than they used to pay for a good book by their favorite author. Sales resistance begins at 200 per cent of prewar prices, but production costs stand at 300 per cent. Profit can be made only when sales are substantial. Books are therefore subjected to an ever more rigorous ordeal of economic selection. It is becoming increasingly difficult for any work which lacks the obvious earmarks of popularity to get published.

—*From "Tomorrow and Tomorrow and Tomorrow," by Aldous Huxley (to be published by Harper).*

CITY OF THE YOUNG: One of the strange, half-tragedies of Hollywood is that of the forgotten stars—not merely the stars of yesteryear, but even those of a decade ago. Any number of actors returned from the recent war to find they had no jobs. Actresses, promising one year, are down-and-out the next. There seems to be no rhyme or reason for this. They have been promising "box office," but perhaps lacked some special quality or didn't have a good agent or circumstances militated against them. Directors, once famous, ride the same capricious toboggan. Hollywood insists on youth. The elderly are seldom seen in the glaring light. Scorching along in the open motor cars, diving into the swimming pools, playing tennis, or sleeping under the cloudless sky, is the sun-kissed youth and beauty of California. Blond hair, apricot-tanned skin, lithe athletic bodies—America's Mount Olympus is inhabitated by the most youthful deities.

—*From "I Take Great Pleasure," by Cecil Beaton (The John Day Co.).*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review
AUGUST 11, 1956

IN THE COMPANY OF CRANKS

After the death of George Bernard Shaw half a dozen years ago, in the view of many observers his mantle as a writer of witty, learned, provocative prose fell to Bertrand Russell. With close to fifty volumes of philosophy, mathematics, and fiction on the cards behind his name in the library catalogues, with such honors as the Order of Merit and the Nobel Prize in Literature embellishing his "Who's Who" sketch, with scars to show for a long series of intellectual storms and battles, he has accomplished enough in his eighty-four years to warrant his taking a little ease. But Earl Russell, who once wrote his obituary for publication in the London Times *of June 1, 1962, is still as acute and peppery as ever, as this new essay from his pen proves.*

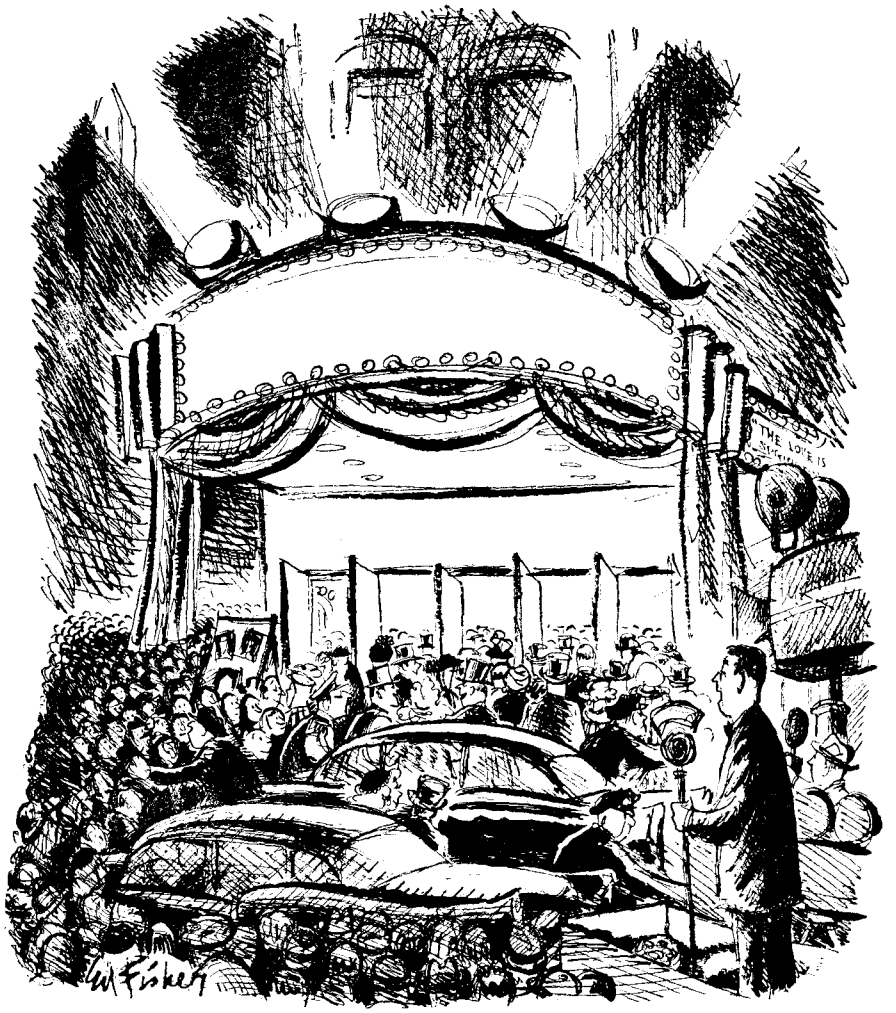
By BERTRAND RUSSELL

I HAVE long been accustomed to being regarded as a crank, and I do not much mind this except when those who so regard me are also cranks, for then they are apt to assume that I must, of course, agree with their particular nostrum. There are those who think that one should only eat nuts. There are those who think that all wisdom is revealed by the Great Pyramid, and among these there are not a few who think that priests carried the wisdom of the Pyramid to Mexico and thus gave rise to the Mayan civilization. I have come across men who think that all matter is composed of atoms which are regular solids having twenty faces. Once, when I was about to begin a lecture tour in America, a man came to me and very earnestly besought me to mention in each lecture that the end of the world would occur before my tour was ended. Then there was the old farmer who thought that all government, both national and local, ought to be abolished because public bodies waste so much water. And there was the amiable gentleman who told me that, although he could not alter the past, he could by faith make it different from what it otherwise would have been. He, I regret to say, was sent to prison for a fraudulent balance sheet and found, to his surprise, that the law courts did not take kindly to his application of faith to arithmetic. Then there was the letter sent from a suburb of Boston which informed me that it came from the God Osiris, and gave me his telephone number. It advised me to ring up quickly since He was about to reestablish His reign on earth when the Brotherhood of True Believers would live with Him in bliss, but the rest of mankind would be withered by the fire of His eyes. I must confess that I never answered this letter, but I am still awaiting the dread moment.

There was an incident which illustrates the perils of country life: on a very hot day, in a very remote place, I had plunged into a river in the hopes of getting cool. When I emerged I found a grave and reverent old man standing beside my clothes. While I was getting dry he revealed the purpose of his presence. "You," he said, "in common with the rest of our nation, probably entertain the vulgar error that the English are the lost Ten Tribes. This is not the case. We are only the tribes of Ephraim and Manasseh." His arguments were overwhelming, and I could not escape until I had put on my clothes.

Experience has taught me a technique for dealing with such people. Nowadays when I meet the Ephraim-and-Manasseh devotees I say, "I don't think you've got it quite right. I think the English are Ephraim and the Scotch are Manasseh." On this basis a pleasant and inconclusive argument becomes possible. In like manner, I counter the devotees of the Great Pyramid by adoration of the Sphinx; and the devotee of nuts by pointing out that hazelnuts and walnuts are just as deleterious as other foods and only Brazil nuts should be tolerated

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



". . . just going in are producers Sol Harris and Maxwell Brent, socialites Whitney Ascott, Chauncey Weems III, the Duke and Duchess of Brixwell, glamorous Veronica Fife, impresario S. Hurwit, Miss Brazil, Prince Alexei Orlov, and Doris Duvivier. Coming out are Brooks Atkinson, John Chapman, Walter Kerr, Richard Watts, Jr. . . ."

by the faithful. But when I was younger I had not yet acquired this technique, with the result that my contacts with cranks were sometimes alarming.

RATHER more than thirty years ago, at a time when I shared a flat in London with a friend, I heard a ring at the bell. My friend happened to be out and I opened the door. I found on the doorstep a man whom I had never seen before, short and bearded, with very mild blue eyes and an air of constant indecision. He was a stranger to me, and the English in which he explained his purpose was very halting.

"I have come," he said, "to consult you on a philosophical question of great importance to me." "Well," I replied, "come in and let us sit down." I offered him a cigarette, which was refused. He sat for a time in silence. I tried various topics, but at first extracted only very brief replies. I made out at last, though with considerable difficulty, what he wanted of me. He informed me that he was a Russian, but not a supporter of the then recent Communist Government. He had, so he told me, frequent mystic visions in which voices urged him to do this or that. He did not know whether such voices deserved respect or were to be regarded as delusions. It had occurred to him that he might obtain guidance from eminent philosophers throughout the world. At the moment it was British philosophers whose advice he was seeking. When he had had such guidance as he could obtain from me he proposed next to consult Arthur Balfour, at that time Foreign Secretary. I listened with such respect as I could command to his revelations from the spirit world, but in my replies to him I remained, for the time being, non-committal. At last he said that he would wish to read some of my books (an extreme step which he had not previously taken) to see whether they contained anything that would be a help to him. For a moment I thought of lending him some book of my own, but I was doubtful whether I should ever see it again and also whether he would really take the trouble to read it. I therefore advised him to go to the British Museum and read such of my books as seemed likely to be heplful. He said he would do so and would return to resume the discussion after he had got a grip on my general outlook.

SURE enough, he came back a few days later. Again I invited him into my study and again I tried to set him at ease. But he looked more dejected and defeated than ever, shabby and hopeless, a drifting waif who seemed almost insubstantial. "Well," I said, "have you been reading my books?" "Only one of them," he replied. I asked which, and found, after some trouble, that it was not a book by me but a skit on my philosophy written to make fun of it. By this time I had begun to think that it did not much matter what he read, so I did not trouble to explain the mistake. I asked, instead, what he thought of the book. "Well," he replied, "there was only one statement in the book that I could understand, and that I did not agree with." "What statement was that?" I asked, expecting that it would have to do with some deep philosophical doctrine. "It was," he replied, "the statement that Julius Caesar is dead." I am accustomed to having my remarks disputed, but this particular remark seemed to me innocuous. "Why did you disagree with that?" I asked in surprise. At this point he underwent a sudden transformation. He had been sitting in an armchair in a melancholy attitude and as though the weight of the world oppressed him, but at this point he leapt up. He drew himself up to his full height, which was five-foot-two. His eyes suddenly ceased to be mild, and flashed fire. In a voice of thunder, he replied: "BECAUSE I AM JULIUS CAESAR!" It dawned upon me suddenly that this had been the purport of the mystic voices and that he was hoping to reestablish the empire which had temporarily been toppled on the Ides of March. Being alone with him, I thought that argument might be dangerous. "That is very remarkable," I said, "and I am sure that Arthur Balfour will be much interested." I coaxed him to the door and, pointing along the street, said, "That is the way to the Foreign Office."

Whatever Mr. Balfour thought of him when he got to the Foreign Office I never learned, but an obscure footnote to a subsequent new edition of that eminent thinker's "Foundations of Belief" led me to wonder

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PUBLIC OPINION AND THE ELECTION

By ELMO ROPER

IN A nationwide survey conducted shortly after President Eisenhower's abdominal operation we found that his most recent illness has cost him comparatively few votes. The net effect has been to reduce the number of people who say they are intending to vote for him between three and four percentage points. Forty-one per cent now plan to vote for Eisenhower, 26 per cent plan to vote against him, and 33 aren't sure where they stand or don't intend to vote.

However, this does not mean people are taking the President's illnesses lightly. Many are worried about electing a President whose health they can't feel sure about. With most this worry is not great enough to cause them to say they won't vote for him, but their concern shows up in their answers to this question: "Suppose Eisenhower was a friend of yours and asked for your personal advice. In light of both his heart attack and operation and what the doctors say about them as well as what you have read or heard do you think you would advise him to run or not to run?"

Forty-three per cent said they would advise him not to run, as against 29 per cent who would advise him to run. Nor were all these people who would advise him not to run Democrats. A quarter of the Republicans would personally advise him not to run, and another quarter aren't sure what they'd advise.

This large number of people who say they could not as a friend advise President Eisenhower to run again is undoubtedly a deep tribute to the affection people feel for Eisenhower the man and to their concern for his personal welfare and happiness. But it also means that a good many people are faced with the prospect of voting for a man they feel from a personal point of view should not be running at all.

When people were asked to react to separate aspects of the health situation a good deal of difference of opinion turned up, and so did some inconsistencies in what people said they believed.

Although there is disagreement over the seriousness of Eisenhower's latest illness most people seem to have some awareness of the risk presented by the President's uncertain health. They have a high respect for the word of Eisenhower's doctors; yet they harbor more doubts about his health than the doctors have expressed. They are also willing to take Eisenhower's word on his own health; yet most people were unwilling, at least in June, to go along with his own later statement about the way he felt.

On the surface the public's attitude about Eisenhower's health is optimistic. But there is an undertone of uneasiness, which in some quarters becomes outright foreboding. Since Eisenhower is running for reelection two things become important: how people conceive of the function of the President and their feelings about the probable Vice President, Richard Nixon.

On the first people do not go along with the theory that "half of Ike is better than all of anyone else." Republicans themselves, who take a strong pro-Eisenhower position on most other aspects of the health question, are split down the middle over this. Presumably most of them feel this choice will not have to be made. If it did there is no assurance it would be made in Eisenhower's favor.

AS FOR Nixon the picture revealed by our survey is that of a man who is admired by many but also distrusted by many, too, when they stack him up against the requirements of the Presidency. When we asked people what they would say about Nixon among a group of friends 39 per cent described him in favorable terms and 27 per cent talked about him in a negative way. Twelve per cent were non-committal and 22 per cent could not or did not answer the question.

Without doubt Nixon is controver-

Ever since President Eisenhower's operation several weeks ago, people have been expressing different ideas on how they felt about the President's health. We've heard many opinions, as I'm sure you have. Here are a few and we wonder, for each, do you personally tend to agree or disagree?

	Agree	Disagree	Don't know or no answer
It was not too serious an operation and with a few weeks' rest President Eisenhower will be as well as ever.	48%	36%	16%
If the President's opponents try to make a big thing of Eisenhower's health they'll only succeed in making people angry.	52	28	20
Either the operation alone or the heart trouble alone would not be too serious, but both together are bound to have a lasting effect on Eisenhower's strength.	51	33	16
If both the doctors and Eisenhower himself say he is all right, then I'm not worried.	59	27	14
The doctors and other people around Eisenhower are trying to cover up the fact that he really isn't a well man.	23	58	19
Eisenhower is so valuable that he should be President even if he could only attend to major matters and would have to count on other people to do the rest.	28	60	12
His heart must be in good condition to stand up under the operation—he's probably in better shape to run now than before.	35	44	21
I don't think the operation means much. His enemies are just trying to make a lot out of nothing.	39	41	20

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now here is a list of phrases people have used to describe Nixon. Would you go down the list and call off all those you think are true?

	Total	Democrats	Republicans	Independents
Favorable phrases				
Loyal to Eisenhower's policies	47%	38%	68%	44%
Honest and sincere	41	29	66	37
Very intelligent	35	27	54	34
Has excellent judgment	18	10	34	14
A real statesman	16	10	28	13
For the common man	13	7	23	13
Unfavorable phrases				
Too young and inexperienced	19	24	13	23
Too much out for himself	15	22	7	13
Too much of a politician	15	20	8	16
Says anything for votes	13	20	5	14
Tries to slip things over	8	12	3	6
Don't know or no answer	16	20	9	18

sial. The answers to another question spell out these differing views of the Vice President (see chart above)

It is clear that Nixon is liked more than he is disliked. His greatest asset is that he is regarded as loyal to Eisenhower's policies and is in general "Ike's man." (However, this description when coming from people not entirely sympathetic to Eisenhower's policies is a dubious compliment.) There is also a good deal of respect for his intelligence. While many think of him as "sincere" this is far from a universal conviction. The fact is that there is a strong undercurrent of suspicion that he is an overshrewd politician and an opportunist, more concerned with his own future than that of his country. His youth also tends to work against him.

What effect do these varying opinions of Nixon have when he is considered as a possible President? On his own he probably could not be elected. When we asked people whether in case Nixon were the Republican candidate for President they would be likely to vote for him or for the Democratic candidate the results were (see chart below).

	Total	Northeast	Midwest	South	Far West
Would vote for Nixon	30%	35%	36%	23%	26%
Would vote for Democrat	39	34	39	40	44
Depends on Democratic candidate	15	16	11	17	15
Would not vote if Nixon were a candidate	3	2	2	5	3
Don't know	13	13	12	15	12

In only one area of the country, the Northeast, does Nixon win over his hypothetical Democratic opponent—and then by a hairsbreadth. He is weakest in the Far West—where he is best known.

However, should optimism about the President's health prevail it does not look as if antagonism to Nixon will swing any large number of votes away from Eisenhower. When we asked those who were not already intending to vote for Eisenhower what might make them decide to vote for him only 4 per cent said: "If the Republicans do not nominate Nixon for Vice President." But if apprehension over Eisenhower heightens Democratic prospects will increase.

Interviewing of a cross-section of the public had been completed before Harold Stassen's dramatic boom for Governor Christian Herter had been launched. However, in our questioning about possible Republican candidates it was disclosed that Massachusett's Governor was almost unknown to the voting public and apparently would neither have added to nor subtracted any considerable number of votes from the Eisenhower ticket.

The debate about Eisenhower's physical condition is taking place against the background of people's memory that four years ago we were involved in a seemingly endless war that drained the country's energies but gave few any feeling of purpose or accomplishment. Although peace has been restored we have skirted war twice since then, and people know how swiftly the Communists could shift from the smiles of coexistence to the glare of cold—or hot—war. "Keeping the peace" stood head and shoulders above all other items on the list of issues people are most concerned about (see chart below).

Of the three other issues near the forefront of people's minds the first one, "Preventing Russia from spreading her influence," also concerns what happens "beyond the water's edge." With most people it seems to be peace first and containment second. What implications this might have on policies the public would be willing to back it's hard to say. One thing is clear: We have come a long way from the days when our noses were so buried in our own affairs we hardly knew the outside world existed. That outside world has impinged for good on most people's consciousness.

With the prosperity issue we are back on more familiar ground. The Democrats used the economic issue as an anchor of their power for twenty years. In 1952 it did not hold firm, and if prosperity is maintained they will have a hard time making this issue work their way in 1956. If it becomes threatened it will be a different story.

The fourth major issue is an old one that has won new importance. In 1948 Harry Truman went far enough out on the limb of civil rights to drive the Southern wing of his party out onto a third party limb of their own. Yet the nation as a whole never worked up any fiery interest over this question. This year, however, the aftermath of the Supreme Court's 1953 school segregation decision has aroused the country to the extent that now nearly one third of the people are personally concerned over this issue. Some of these people are against, some are for segregation. Some of the excitement, no doubt, is harmful to the forces of growth and change. But it is at least a striking contrast to the apathy which for so many years has greeted the submergence of some 17,000,000 of our people in a second-class citizenship.

As the party conventions approach the nation's deepest concern is the keeping of the peace. As a symbol of peace and unity President Eisenhower has a head start as the man to lead the country for four more years. But his heart condition coupled with his operation this spring has disturbed many people. Eleven years ago a President died in office, and there were many people then who were uneasy about an approach to the Presidency so desperate as to drive a man to the limits of his mortal endurance. There are a good many people today uneasy over the issue of a President's health. The nation is hopeful, but not entirely at ease over what the next four years may bring. Eisenhower the man is as popular as ever.

FOUR NATIONAL ISSUES PEOPLE ARE PERSONALLY MOST CONCERNED ABOUT

Keeping the country at peace	49%
Preventing Russia from spreading her influence	33
Keeping the country prosperous	32
The question of civil rights and segregation for Negroes	31

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Urbanity of Stevens

—Sylvia Salmi.

Wallace Stevens—"singer of suburban life."

By ELIZABETH GREEN

ONE of the fascinating questions about the life and work of Wallace Stevens concerns the connection between his successful business career, as vice-president of the Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company, and his poems. At first glance it seems incredible that these particular poems, so continuously concerned with the imagination, so full of references to painting and sculpture and music, to faraway places and figures of fantasy, should have been written by a man who spent his days dealing with the intricacies of insurance law. But a closer reading of his work suggests that there is no essential paradox after all. Stevens is a man completely at home in his environment; he lives in modern city society without any impulse to overturn or to escape. He is, indeed, the singer of suburban life.

Partly because some of his well-known early poems picture the tropical luxuriance of Cuba or Florida or Mexico, relatively little attention has been paid to the fact that he habitually refers to the New England landscape in writing about the nature of reality. Still less noticed is the fact that he describes the kind of natural world enjoyed by the man who lives in a town or suburb—who has a lawn on which crickets sing and rabbits sit at dusk, a hedge of lilac and dogwood, a park nearby where he can watch the swans on the lake, and a summer vacation when he can go abroad or get to the New Hampshire hills or the coast of Maine.

The man of imagination, the one who both sees and perceives, is frequently, in Stevens's poetry, sitting "here in his house and in his room, in his chair," and looking out a window.

> It is someone walking rapidly in the street.
> The reader by the window has finished his book.
> And tells the hour by the lateness of the sounds.

The poet may be listening to the steps of the milkman or to the rain, as he sits beside
The window, close to the ramshackle spout in which
The rain falls with a ramshackle sound.

Lakes, which are "more reasonable than oceans," and parks figure largely in Stevens's landscapes. That magnificent group of marble horses which is the central symbol of "Owl's Clover" shows one kind of insight a city dweller can get by frequenting a park. Or he may catch a glimpse of truth on a family stroll.

> He walked with his year-old boy on his shoulder.
> The sun shone and the dog barked and the baby slept.
> . . . . . .
> The abstract was suddenly there and gone again.
> The Negroes were playing football in the park.

Might it have been the chance to alternate moderate exercise and rest, so suitable for a man at a desk all day, that made the lake a favorite symbol for Stevens? As he suggests in "Notes Toward a Supreme Fiction," perhaps

> The truth depends on a walk around a lake,
> A composing as the body tires, a stop
> To see hepatica. . . .

Stevens's poetry is full of references to birds. Even casual readers of modern verse are apt to remember the splendid image which concludes "Sunday Morning":

> And, in the isolation of the sky,
> At evening, casual flocks of pigeons make
> Ambiguous undulations as they sink,
> Downward to darkness, on extended wings.

Except for the bantams in pinewoods which have so fascinated anthologizers and critics, nearly all the birds, swooping, chittering, silhouetted on a bare branch, are those familiar to anyone living in a town or suburb anywhere in the northeastern United States. Stevens delights in crows and blackbirds, sparrows and bluejays, robins and catbirds—the friendly creatures who have accommodated themselves to city life.

SIMILARLY he makes use of locusts, crickets, fireflies, rabbits, squirrels, cats. He sketches a fine suburban scene in order to offer ironic sympathy to the man (was he a business executive?) who, in the midst of the splendor of spring,

> Sighed in the evening that he lived
> Without ideas in a land without ideas.

To demonstrate the "shift in realities" which confronts the perceptive observer Stevens points out the window.

> It was at the time, the place, of nougats.
> There the dogwoods, the white ones and the pink ones,
> Bloomed in sheets, as they bloom, and the girl,
> A pink girl took a white dog walking.

In writing of city life Stevens differs from most of the other major poets of the twentieth century. He does not make the city itself a central symbol

The Poet Who Lived with His Words

For Wallace Stevens

By Samuel French Morse

YOU loved the morning always, and its blue
Paraphernalia, grackles gold with dew
More gold than bronze, and purple on the phlox
In the high grass, rose-redness of the rocks
Streaked gray and yellow in a painter's light:
The air as clear as change composing sight
To your identity, the light seen through
To the pure words of it, imagined, true.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for moral decay and loss of faith, like Eliot's "Waste Land," nor does he see it as the milieu of the frustrated and lonely and helpless people who haunt Auden's bars and commuter trains. Stevens is perfectly aware of dirt and crowds and emptiness. In "The Common Life" he observes

> The men have no shadows
> And the women have only one side.

He does not have to be told what lies on the dump heap:

> the wrapper on the can of pears,
> The cat in the paper-bag, the corset, the box
> From Esthonia . . .

For Stevens the only way to truth and beauty is through the seeing eye and the perceiving mind, and they can be exercised on the dump as well as anywhere else. His Gerontion (in "The Man on the Dump," which should be read with Eliot's poem on "an old man in a dry month") sees the debris and "rejects the trash," feels the wind and finds it freshened with dew, "looks at the elephant-colorings of tires" and, "among mattresses of the dead,"

> sits and beats an old tin can, lard pail.
> One beats and beats for that which one believes.

The kind of city loneliness which Auden suggests so poignantly does not interest Stevens very much, perhaps because the man of imagination is essentially solitary. When he does deal with the theme, as in "Loneliness in Jersey City," he pictures a man in a hotel room (who may be about to return to his home) and sets his meter to the dance tune heard from the street far below.

> My window is twenty-nine three
> And plenty of window for me.
> The steeples are empty and so are the people,
> There's nothing whatever to see
> Except Polacks that pass in their motors
> And play concertinas all night.
> They think that things are all right.
> Since the deer and the dachshund are one.

Stevens is not indifferent to the consequences of poverty and misery among the masses. In "Owl's Clover" he contrasts the life of the early settlers of America with that of the workers of the 1930s.

> Their destiny is just as much machine
> As death itself . . .

Writing after the Depression, he said in the first edition, published in 1936, "Only an agony of dreams can help," but in his revision of 1945 he had taken out even this mild reference, if such it was, to the possibility of social reform. It may have been poetic rather than political overtones that he wanted to eliminate; in any case, his conclusion is unmistakable in both versions. He rejects the ideology of Communists and all others who believe that this world can be made perfect or that salvation can be achieved except through the individual eye and mind.

Stevens sees a world

> that moves from waste
> To waste, out of the hopeless waste of the past
> Into a hopeful waste to come.

and knows that a revolution is just one more aspect of "the ever-never-changing same."

> The future must bear within it every past,
> Not least the pasts destroyed, magniloquent
> Syllables, pewter on ebony, yet still
> A board for bishops' grapes, the happy form
> That revolution takes for connoisseurs: . . .

THE solution of the business executive for the evils of modern city life is a vacation. As Harvey Breit put it, Wallace Stevens "took his holidays in earnest—that is, literally fled into sight and sound and smell and color." The most obvious instance is the early poem "The Comedian as the Letter C," which is at least partly biographical. It describes the development of the imagination and philosophy of Crispin as he travels from "Bordeaux to Yucatan, Havana next, and then to Carolina," and finally settles in a cabin to bring up a family of daughters with curls. This "sally into gold and crimson forms" provided much of the imagery for his early poems and continued to furnish him symbols straight through his life.

> Crispin knew
> It was a flourishing tropic he required
> For his refreshment. . . .

It is worth noting that the outcome of this adventure is Crispin's growing attachment to the soil where he has built his cabin and his perception that "For realist, what is is what should be."

The pleasures and intellectual excitements of being a tourist need not be confined to the tropics. To establish the reality of an ordinary evening in New Haven, Stevens recalls a typical American jaunt through Europe:

> Bergamo on a postcard, Rome after dark,
> Sweden described, Salzburg with shaded eyes
> Or Paris in conversation at a cafe.

It is characteristic that his magnificent poetic analysis of the relations of perceptive man to a world full of evil, "Esthetique du Mal," opens with the line "He was at Naples writing letters home." Who better than a tourist, freshly stirred by perceptions of the nature of place and history not his own, well-fed and comfortable, thinking about the home he will be glad to return to shortly—who more ready to deal with the great philosophical problems?

A number of poems, particularly in the later volumes, have grown out of real or imagined vacations in New England—at Mt. Chocorua, at Pemaquid, on Monhegan Island—or out of a pilgrimage made to the ancestral home of the Stevens family in central Pennsylvania. The poem which Stevens himself called "Holiday in Reality,"—a title eminently suitable for his collected work—describes the provocative power of an exhibit of paintings of a foreign land and concludes with a characteristic bit of landscape:

> The bud of the apple is desire, the down-falling gold,
> The catbird's gobble in the morning half-awake—
>
> These are real only if I make them so. Whistle
> For me, grow green for me, and, as you whistle and grow green,
>
> Intangible arrows quiver and stick in the skin
> And I taste at the root of the tongue the unreal of what is real.

Because Wallace Stevens himself could live happily in and make poetic use of the modern city and suburb it does not follow that he ignored or condoned the complacency of dwellers in suburbia. From first to last his poems call out to us all to look, to see, to become aware of the wonders flashing and glinting and whirling past us unheeded.

> . . . Can we live on dry descriptions,
> Feel every thing starving except the belly
> And nourish ourselves on crumbs of whimsy?

He objects both to the formulations of the lecturer who "hems the planet rose and haws it ripe, and red, and right," and to the inexact metaphors of the writer who speaks of "all sorts of flowers" instead of one real rose and is "happy in spring with the half colors of quarter-things." Over and over again he condemns the simplification of what is complex. One of his later lyrics deals with the poetry of X, obviously a man who makes everything simple and clear.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He lacks this venerable complication.
His poems are not of the second part of life.
They do not make the visible a little hard

No such accusation can be made against the poetry of Wallace Stevens. Even for the highly literate and sophisticated reader some of his sudden shifts of metaphor and intricate abstractions create initial difficulties. As Marianne Moore put it, "Interrupted soliloquy can amount to disrupted logic." But, although he makes no concessions to the limitations of the conventional suburban mind, he does assume that it is perfectly possible to work in the city, cherish the house and garden at the end of the bus line, ignore the inconveniences and enjoy the advantages—art exhibits and concerts as well as public parks—and still be a man of intellect and imagination. His favorite metaphorical equivalents for "major man," the one who uses his imagination, belong to the romantic literature of the past; he sings of kings and captains and feudal lords, of minstrels and of clowns. These are the figures that fellow executives and suburban neighbors might also see as symbolizing more than ordinary power and beauty and might well find far more evocative than Whitman's Manhattan crowds or Sandburg's hog-butchers. Indeed, as the complexities of his vocabulary and verse become more widely understood, both his imagery, compounded of the familiar and the consciously exotic and his passionate belief in the power of the individual man to see and understand may make a strong appeal to city-dwellers who now scarcely know his name. Certainly we owe some of the major poetry of the twentieth century to the fortunate circumstance that a man of imagination found an insurance office a point of vantage for looking at

things chalked
On the sidewalk so that the pensive man may see.

A Praise of Good Poets in a Bad Age

To the Memory of Wallace Stevens

By John Ciardi

ANY MAN—GOD, if He had the money—
could rip the sagebrush back for terraced gardens
and tilt a pearlstone Hollywood between
the swimming pools and the Pacific.

Neon in the Potomac could do for a scripture
to midnight. And Coney Island
become an imagination to pass for splendor
in the high-noon of the yokel's gawk.

Lord, what we know of doing badly!
the nerve's reach for order gone huge,
eye-catching, and moneyed. How shall I say this right
who say "Lord" and mean something else?—

mean perhaps "most solving imagination."
"most luminous behaviour," "most. . . ."
Something. A near-enough to sublimity. An inward
from which gods are imagined and become.

Something not Heaven nor Hell, but something.
The tongue is wrong in the mouth to say it, the words
soggy from the prayers of lace-curtain angels.
We lack a vocabulary for admiration.

And still a man could take a train to magnificence:
to Rutherford for Williams, to Hartford for Stevens,
to Cambridge for Frost—and not have it, and yet
have touched the most of it in one day's going.

How much higher in its own mind could the age stand
than these three have stood for it?
Now Stevens is dead from meaning-as-it-is,
and that day's ride to the age's best

longer by an absence as it goes shortened
by stone, imagined forests of stopped birds
and voices windborne from a midnight river,
an oarlock's birdcall from the gist of time.

Imagine any man at that train's windows
watching the world from this death and these lives,
hearing the carried voice of their alert—
what shall defend Newark from his arrival?
Harlem from his revulsion? South Station from his defeat?
Once in Connecticut from such a window
I saw three egrets statued in marsh-reaches
as if posed for the eyes of Egyptian lovers.

What a suave possibility they made of the sky!
But before the next-to-prayer in my heart could open
we broke the soot of Somewhere-on-the-Line
and my eye crashed like a flung egg on its walls.

Is it a symptom only or a source,
that permission of ugliness in American houses?
Arson could be a creed, and a vote for Nero
a vote for a compassionate corruption.

O my people, burn, burn back to grace!
. . . But a light blinked and the business fronts fell past us;
a religion of chromium an dplate glass windows
raising its monstrances of golden junk

called the dead poet from his imaginings:
"*Soit!*" he chimed back from that pixie passion
that made his belltowers tinkle as they bonged.
"Waa-wallee-waa!", the whistle learned to say.

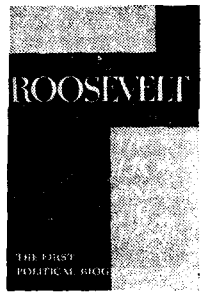
Nonsense. But nearing than the age to being.
It is no chin-thrust figure angel-high
the ardent man lifts from his ordering:
leave those grim doughboys to the yokel squares.

By bong and tinkle he dwarfed back the fronts
of the age's skew and sooty imagination.
Now he is dead; one gone of the three truest,
and poverty, drowned in money, cannot care.

Soit! To be a poet in an age of prose
is to hear more than the age is ready for.
Caroo, Caballero! the States lack word of cockles.
A bronze pear hanging is not news enough

now Congress has the language by the throat.
Let it strut for nothing. "Fat! Fat! Fat! Fat!"
When the age has found a memory near enough
his news from bronze, most houses will come down.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



SR's *Book of the Week:*

"THE LION AND THE FOX"

Author: James MacGregor Burns

By LINDSAY ROGERS, *professor of government at Columbia University.*

WHAT qualities determine whether a biographer has succeeded or failed? Sir Harold Nicolson who, in his time, has done both, recently laid it down that a good biography must combine three principles: It "must be 'history,' in the sense that it must be accurate and depict a person in relation to his times. It must describe an 'individual,' with all the gradations of human character, and not merely present a type of virtue or vice. And it must be composed as a 'branch of literature,' in that it must be written in grammatical English and with an adequate feeling for style."

The brilliant biographer of Henry James is in agreement. Taking a text from Lytton Strachey—the biographical art is "the most delicate and humane of all the branches of writing"—Leon Edel amplifies as follows: ". . . delicate because the biographer seeks to blow the breath of life into inert and fragmentary materials which survive an individual's passage on this earth. Humane because such a process . . . speaks for man's awareness of himself, his world, his past." I have quoted in order to be able to say that judged by these high standards James MacGregor Burns's "Roosevelt: The Lion and the Fox" (Harcourt, Brace, $5.75), is a notable achievement.

The Squire of Hyde Park; the handsome State Senator and Assistant Secretary of the Navy; the polio victim; the New York Governor, and the President reelected three times, all spring to valiant life. Mr. Burns is an obviously enthusiastic biographer, but the enthusiasm is as much for his task as for his subject. It has made him ingenious in gathering honey and wormwood from widely scattered places and has summoned eloquence for the telling of his tale. There is never an impression of scissors and paste, as is the case with so many political biographies.

In the Hyde Park Library there are recordings as well as manuscripts. Mr. Burns has had Roosevelt's speeches played back to him, so that recounting the responses of audiences and ad libbings he permits his younger readers to feel that they are hearing and older readers that they are rehearing the man himself. But one cannot say, as Macaulay once did of a biographer, that enthusiasm "has to a great extent perverted his judgment."

HENCE both the extreme idolaters and the bitter haters will probably be dissatisfied, but they should be able to agree on the appositeness of the subtitle taken from Machiavelli's "The Prince": a ruler "must imitate the fox and the lion, for the lion cannot protect himself from traps, and the fox cannot defend himself from wolves." The fox recognizes traps and the lion frightens wolves. A prudent ruler should not wish to be only a lion; and "he ought not to keep faith when by so doing it would be against his interest, and when the reasons which made him bind himself no longer exist." It would be interesting to know whether Roosevelt ever pondered on this passage, to which Mr. Burns several times returns in analyzing decisions that seemed forthright and maneuvers that appeared devious. Certainly Roosevelt demonstrated that Disraeli was correct when he said that a great statesman must have two qualities: the first prudence and the second imprudence.

The details of the prudences and imprudences concern Mr. Burns only down to the coming of the war. He deals with the war period "synoptically"—in half a dozen pages. To do more on an adequate scale would have required years of work on another volume. Mr. Burns wanted to scoop Frank Freidel, who in the second of his many-volumed life has only reached the gubernatorial period. When Mr. Freidel several years ago published his first volume, which ended with the Assistant Secretaryship of the Navy, I ventured to hope that some day a biographer might start with his subject on the summit and then go back to the days of lesser eminence. Mr. Freidel is an excellent biographer, but he must be envious as he reads Mr. Burns's pages, on which I discuss one point of substance, pay a homage to method, and utter a protest.

During the summer of 1928 when Al Smith was making his hopeless

---

—*Hans Namuth.*

THE AUTHOR: During the early Forties, after graduation from Williams College (where he is now a professor of political science), James MacGregor Burns took off for the political wilds of Washington, D.C., to get a ringside look at government and politicos at work. With a socio-political biography of Franklin Delano Roosevelt in the back of his mind he avidly took notes on FDR's Administration while working as an assistant to a Congressman and later serving on the staff of the National War Labor Board. When World War II broke out Burns yielded his front-row seat in favor of a hitch with the Army in the Pacific theatre. Fortunately, he was able to satisfy his cacoethes for writing history on-the-spot by landing a berth as a war historian. From firsthand experience and Army records he produced "Okinawa: The Last Battle" (a collaboration) and "Guam: Operations of the 77th Division." These volumes and two other studies, "Congress on Trial" and "Government by the People" (with Jack W. Peltason), served as warm-ups for his larger objective, "Roosevelt: The Lion and the Fox." Since the Mecca for any New Deal historian is the FDR Library at Hyde Park, Burns went there to dig through part of the 7,000 cubic feet of papers and records and the vast amount of printed material that includes 28,000 books alone. With so much material written on Roosevelt how can a historian hope to come up with fresh slants? Burns answers this by making capital out of heretofore bypassed records of conferences. "Included occasionally, for some unknown reason, in the file of press conferences at Hyde Park are transcripts of conferences that Roosevelt had with Senators, business groups, editors, church leaders, and others. This of course is marvelous stuff for biography because Roosevelt could speak fairly freely—much more freely than with reporters—and of course there is a great deal of off-the-record material in the press conferences proper." Burns also adds, "My book is the first on Roosevelt that makes use of transcripts of two emergency committees over which Roosevelt presided during the early crisis-years of the New Deal—the Executive Council and the National Emergency Council."

—SIEGFRIED MANDEL.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

campaign in the West he learned that at the party headquarters in New York there was a good deal of talk about Franklin Roosevelt as a possible candidate for Governor. "Out of the question," was Smith's first reaction to intimates on the campaign train. "You know as well as I do that Frank hasn't any brains." Smith was thinking of Roosevelt's aversion to the drudgery of detail and grappling with hard facts which must almost always be endured (since January 1953 there has been an outstanding exception) if would-be political leaders are to have a measure of success. Even after four years in Albany Roosevelt appeared to Heywood Broun and Walter Lippmann, whom Mr. Burns quotes, as the "corkscrew candidate of a convoluting convention," and as an "amiable man with many philanthropic impulses" who did not have a firm grasp on public affairs. The critics did not realize that something had happened in Albany. There and, outstandingly, in Washington, Roosevelt proved that there is a kernel of truth in La Bruyère's maxim: "Eminent place makes the great man greater than he is; the small man it makes less."

Mr. Burns does not mar or, as could be the case, brighten his text with footnotes. He relegates his "scholarly apparatus" to an appendix of fifty closely printed pages which disclose how formidable is the task of the present-day biographer of a major figure, even if he has attempted, as Stanley Baldwin did, to leave no papers. Even if there were no muniments at Hyde Park there would still be the many collections of papers of contemporaries housed in the Library of Congress. Already there are hundreds of "secondary" books by FDR's associates and by outsiders of whom some can contribute much because they record rumored trivialities frequently as revealing as tailored opinions. Nowadays, also, the biographer must listen to sound recordings, look at newsreels, and interview those who were near the seat of the mighty. Mr. Burns has made skilful use of these sources but has not permitted them to overwhelm him; his narrative is always smooth and lively. But there is one blemish.

The story naturally comes to an end on a Sunday afternoon in April 1945. Nine months before Roosevelt had said: "All that is within me cries out to go back to my home on the Hudson River." Now he had returned. Mr. Burns is economical with his words:

> . . . a caisson drawn by six brown horses . . . a lone horse, hooded, stirrups reversed and a sword hanging from the left stirrup—symbolic of a lost warrior. . .
>
> A river breeze off the Hudson ruffled the trees above. A military band sounded the sad notes of its dirge. Muffled drums beat slowly and a bugler played the haunting notes of Taps as the coffin was slowly lowered into the grave. The warrior was home.

Every reader, no matter what he thought of "the warrior," will want to pause before he turns the page. He will do well not to turn it at all, because he will find "A Note on the Study of Political Leadership"—five heavily footnoted pages, replete with social-science jargon and generalizations that not only do not illuminate but that do not even glitter. It is as if a pianist had finished a stellar performance of a concerto and while his audience was still in a rapt mood suddenly and stridently begun to drum chopsticks. I hope that the chopsticks will be missing from the first reprinting.

—*From "The Lion and the Fox."*

FDR in his Governor's chair—". . . 'eminent place makes the great man greater'."

Good Gold

"John D. Rockefeller, Jr., a Portrait," by Raymond B. Fosdick *(Harper. 477 pp. $6.50), is the story of a man who inherited great wealth and has felt a great public responsibility in its use. Our reviewer, John D. Hicks, is Morrison Professor of History at the University of California.*

By John D. Hicks

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, Jr. has long been the despair of the muckrakers. An established principle of their creed is that "any man of wealth must inevitably be acting from sordid motives," which along with the painful results they make it their mission to seek out and reveal. But in the case of the second Rockefeller, throughout his long career, they have had uncommonly bad luck. Perhaps their trouble stems in part from the fact that John D. Rockefeller, Jr. never had to engage in the pursuit of wealth, for it was thrust upon him. It came to him unbidden, and it compounded of itself; it was as inescapable as the air he breathed and in a sense as oppressive as the poverty that engulfed the overwhelming majority of mankind. To John D. Rockefeller, Jr. wealth was primarily a duty and a responsibility, his only to administer and distribute. Brought up on "a Western brand of New England Puritanism," from which he never revolted, he "was continually facing the necessity of squaring his religious views with the facts of life." And in case of doubt it was the right, as he saw it, not expediency that won out. "The only question with wealth," he once said, "is what you do with it. It can be used for evil purposes or it can be an instrumentality for constructive social living."

As a business executive John D. Rockefeller, Jr. demonstrated abilities that made his father proud of him, but he was not at heart a businessman, and to a degree "he was repelled by the tough give-and-take of the business world." "Aware of usages and actions" that he deplored, but could not prevent, he resigned as a director of Standard Oil and U. S. Steel in 1910, and thereafter from many other boards. The Colorado miners' strike of 1913 opened his eyes to the labor point of view, and under the tutelage of Mackenzie King he came to see that it was "just as proper and advantageous" for labor to organize as for capital. He sold his stock in U. S. Steel when his protest to Judge Gary over the twelve-hour day and the seven-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

day week was ignored. He used his influence to remove Colonel Robert W. Stewart, of Continental Trading Company infamy, from the chairmanship of the Board of Standard Oil of Indiana. He could never escape entirely his business commitments, but from his thirty-sixth year on he turned his attention primarily to "the social purposes to which a great fortune could be dedicated."

Thus the central theme of Raymond B. Fosdick's book "John D. Rockefeller, Jr.: A Portrait" is its subject's career as a philanthropist. It may well be, as Mr. Fosdick asserts, that "the Rockefeller fortune was largely an historical accident in which the special economic, legal, and fiscal situation in the United States between 1865 and 1914 played a determinative part"; it may also be that nothing of the kind should ever be permitted to happen again. But the nation and world were fortunate in having as the steward of this colossal wealth a man of John D. Rockefeller, Jr.'s vision, integrity, and ability. From his father and his father's mentor, Frederick T. Gates, he had learned to think of giving in large terms, wholesale not retail fashion. He had before him the example of four foundations created by his father through gifts totaling nearly half a billion dollars. In all these J. D. R., Jr. played an important and continuing part, but he went on from there to distribute nearly an equal amount in such breathtaking projects as Colonial Williamsburg, the Jackson Hole Monument, the Shenandoah National Park; the Acadia National Park; the Palisades Interstate Park; the Cloisters; restorations at Rheims Cathedral and Versailles; International Houses at Columbia, California, Chicago, and Paris; the Palestine Archeological Museum, the Save-the-Redwoods League, and literally scores of similar undertakings, many far less tangible and nameable. In addition he built Rockefeller Center in the midst of the Great Depression, furnishing much-needed work for thousands of men, and he presented to the United Nations its incomparable East River site. Each philanthropy was a labor of love, in which the donor put not only his money but himself. "Giving," he once said, "is the secret of a healthy life."

This is not an impartial book and was not so intended. Mr. Fosdick is an admiring friend and associate of the man of whom he writes. But if the book is understandably friendly to John D. Rockefeller, Jr., it is also an honest book. And, as a New York columnist once quipped, "It sort of flattens the notion that it's a terrible thing for anybody to have money."

Mass Producer

"Eli Whitney and the Birth of American Technology," by Constance McL. Green *(Little, Brown. 215 pp. $3.50), is a short biography of the Yankee who invented not only the cotton gin but the pattern of interchangeable parts manufacture. Roger Burlingame, our reviewer, is the author of "Backgrounds of Power: The Human Story of Mass Production."*

By Roger Burlingame

"AN invention," Constance Green quotes Eli Whitney as saying, "can be so valuable as to be worthless to the inventor." This was painfully true of the cotton gin patented by Whitney in 1794. It was less true of the great invention he made four years later and never patented. This was the pattern of interchangeable parts manufacture that signalized what Mrs. Green in the title of her new book has called the "Birth of American Technology."

Mrs. Green has skilfully balanced these enterprises in their relation both to the inventor's life and to the American scene. The chapters on the cotton gin present that device as a historical necessity too immediately valuable to wait on any law. The desperate postwar depression of the Deep South had extended into the 1790s. Indigo had been abandoned. The war had brought destruction and neglect to the rice plantations. Yet the planters saw all around them a potential crop more profitable than either. Even in the upland wilderness of Georgia greenseed cotton grew "almost as a weed." The one obstacle to making this "weed" into the kind of staple that the spinners of both England and New England with their newly mechanized mills were crying for was the cost of separating the fiber from the clinging seeds. When the Yankee Whitney, sojourning by chance on the plantation of Catherine Greene at Mulberry Grove, produced his simple machine the flood gates were down.

When Whitney patented his "gin" (short for "engine") the Patent Office was only four years old. The constitutional government of the United States was so new that the people of the more remote states scarcely knew what federal law meant. But they knew what upland cotton meant and what the gin meant as soon as the news of it leaked out. Inevitably the invention was stolen. Gins more or less on Whitney's design were being built in the carpenter shops of every plantation in Georgia before the inventor could set up his manufactory in far-away New Haven.

As the narrative moves into the second Whitney enterprise we get a sense of the inventor's maturity. He had learned a bitter lesson. He would not make the same mistakes again. But with his maturity, too, had come a vision broad enough to encompass not a single invention but a whole sequence of devices designed to multiply production and economize labor. There would be no need for patents here. Whitney's monopoly was inherent in the magnitude of the concept.

Mrs. Green has seen in his patient, meticulous planning a demonstration of the true scientific method. He did not proceed, as was the American custom, empirically, through trial and error. He had worked out his system in theory before he put any of it into practice. The result was that when he signed a contract with the Federal Government to manufacture ten thousand smooth-bore flintlock muskets within two years he had a precise mental blueprint of how this miracle was to be performed.

THE sense of Whitney's profound preoccupation with his idea to the exclusion of every potential practical obstacle is extremely clear. In terms of materials and skill in the "mechanick arts" the idea was at least half a century ahead of its time. Finding that he must work with men who could not possibly understand any part of his novel scheme he had to make every machine with his own hands, and even the tools to make the machines. That he took ten years to complete the two-year promise was still a miracle and, indeed, this span was scarcely too long to work out the pioneer basis of all mass production in the world!

In this part of the book it seems to me that the author's main achievement lies in her presentation of Whitney's genius in transferring his own self-hypnosis to a hard-boiled government. There were, to be sure, intelligent men in the high places—Jefferson and Oliver Wolcott among them—but how through delay after delay Whitney was able to make them realize that the plan itself was worth any number of muskets has always seemed a mystery to students of the event. This book makes it credible.

With the space at her disposal Mrs. Green has not tried to produce an exhaustive documented record. She has written not for the historian or the scholar but for the general reader. Yet she has missed no important event, no vital clue to character, no pertinent feature of background, no bit of drama inherent in her material.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FICTION

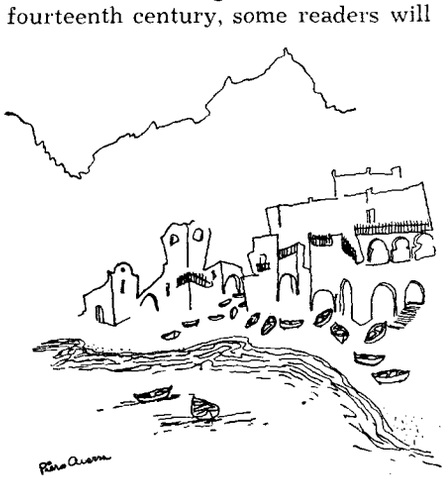
Truth or Consequences?

"Bitter Honeymoon and Other Stories," by Alberto Moravia *(translated by Bernard Wall. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 221 pp. $3.50), is a collection of eight short tales by Italy's master of sensual perception.*

By James Kelly

IN considering Alberto Moravia's new collection, "Bitter Honeymoon and Other Stories," let us assume we do not know the author has been hailed as one of the consummate craftsmen of our day. Or that groping critics have coupled the name Moravia with D. H. Lawrence and Stendhal in the field of sensual perception. The masterful morbidities of "Conjugal Love" and the nightmarish compassion of "The Woman of Rome" certainly have little in common with the malevolent monotone of "Bitter Honeymoon." Or do they? Our mind now deals with the image of a sickly Cyclops, one sex-bright eye in the middle of his forehead trained pitilessly upon people in the act of being doomed and destroyed by the devil in their flesh.

Can it be true that most of life's big issues (growing up, self-confidence, peace of mind, romantic love, worldly success) must pivot wildly upon the Freudian by-products of erotic encounters? Putting it directly, is sex really this intricate and is the author dealing with truth or the consequences of not telling it? Although Philip Rahv, in his brief introduction to the present volume, compares the author to titillating tale tellers of the fourteenth century, some readers will decide that Signor Moravia's preoccupation with the human body compares more closely with that of the late Bernarr Macfadden than to Boccaccio.



These eight short confrontations have much in common: anatomical explicitness, immaculate literary style, an arena in which sex is the game and participants are bigger, smaller, or more tortured than life usually provides—and gloomy endings. They have notable points of difference, too, mainly confined to knowing and often brilliant observations in which the author passes along his knowledge of human behavior under emotional stress. In "Tired Courtesan," perhaps the most powerful entry, a boy regards an aging prostitute: "As he stared at her he felt he was looking at the face of existence itself, which reveals itself and speaks for a moment and then is silent and still again. His contemplation didn't last long." A husband discovers too late his passion for a neglected wife in "Back to the Sea," a magnetic exercise in naturalism: "When she put up her hand to arrange her hair, disordered by the wind, he seemed to make out the blackness of her armpit through the linen shirt and felt profoundly troubled." The story called "The English Officer" is a small masterpiece of suspense as the reader watches a sensitive prostitute greet and meet her man.

Any reader's eye may be lighted by "Bitter Honeymoon," a small idyll in which a bride bewildered by Communism and virginity is brought to her sensuals by a thunderstorm. Or perhaps by "The Unfortunate Lover," a story of a man visited at the seashore by a shrewish mistress who came only to tantalize. It is not likely that the surrealistic effects of a boy and tortured cat in "The Fall" or the adolescent prurience of "A Sick Boy's Winter" and "The Imbroglio" will do the same.

Few if any major novelists should allow their occasional stories to be collected in one place. Limitations of material and similarity of inspiration are quickly revealed in projects like the one here assembled by translator Bernard Wall in consultation with the author. Looking at these stories another way, however, those who find entertainment in one will find it in all.

Emyr Humphreys—"skilful portraiture."

Untidy Universe

"A Man's Estate," by Emyr Humphreys *(McGraw-Hill. 279 pp. $3.75), the work of one of the better younger British novelists, describes the havoc wrought by a man of good will when he returns to his Welsh village.*

By Harvey Curtis Webster

SOME artistic failures are more interesting than many artistic successes. Dreiser's "An American Tragedy," Wolfe's "Look Homeward, Angel," Maugham's "Of Human Bondage," Forster's "The Longest Journey," all of these have obvious defects in style, plot, control of characterization, and tone one does not find in lesser novels that neatly encompass a small ambition and an insignificant subject. It is praise rather than deprecation to say that Emyr Humphreys's fifth novel, "A Man's Estate," belongs in this category rather than with such perfectly controlled fiction as, say, Moravia's "Conjugal Love."

Philip Esmor-Ellis, because he needs money to elope with Margaret Neade, returns to the Welsh village where he was born to claim the patrimony his mother made her own by sending him away shortly after his birth. He is the prototype of the scientist who wants a universe as tidy as a controlled experiment. Though he wants to be objective, confronted with the untidy lives of his relatives and their friends and enemies he makes a mess of things because he cannot stand messiness.

He cannot understand, for example, how his mother can be outwardly pious and a murderess, how his step-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

father can be tolerant and dogmatic, how his sister can be an old maid and more full of self-knowledge than any one else in his village, how the family's pastor can be full of love for others and an adulterer, how his illegitimate half-sister can lust for power and be more honorable than any of his other relatives. So his coldly scientific attitude is largely responsible for his mother's insanity, his stepfather's suicide, his fiancée's desertion, and his sister's probably eternal unhappiness.

No doubt the melodrama sometimes seems more as if it stems from "Rebecca" than the work of a serious novelist, yet without violent events and characters as mixed-up as most of us are and won't admit to being the main point of the innocent but malign impact of the pretendingly objective scientist on the world of our day could not be made. By embodying the piety that can kill, the sensuality that can be kind, and the objectivity that destroys with the naiveté of an atom bomb he suggests the plight of so many of us who are "children waiting for an inheritance" we cannot recover or comprehend.

Even so, this is not the novel one might hope for from the winner of the Somerset Maugham Award, "Hear and Forgive," from the man P. H. Newby considers among the best of the younger British writers. Sometimes the novel seems to be mere, rather than interesting, disorder—particularly in the shuttling back and forth among four characters who tell their stories; the plot is overcrowded with both action and characters; Mr. Humphreys's vitality and ambition lead to confusion as well as illumination. But there is, as in few novels by his contemporaries, important substance, excellent (sometimes uneven) writing, skilful portraiture, interesting (if sometimes unsuccessful) experimentation. Despite its limitations one feels that "A Man's Estate" is as good or better than most novels written during the past ten years, that its partial fall into chaos probably is a step towards a maturity that will make him the peer of such writers as Kingsley Amis, Iris Murdoch, Rayne Kruger, Nigel Balchin, and the rest of the very exciting younger generation in British fiction.

Femme Fatale

"Hilda Manning," by Allan Seager *(Simon & Schuster. 312 pp. $3.95), is the story of a farm woman who holds a strange attraction for men.*

By Harrison Smith

THIRTY or so years ago the farm or rural village, preferably of the Midwest or the South, furnished the young writer with the plot for too many depressing novels. It took Sinclair Lewis to prove in "Main Street" that the ingredients of a dreary small town could be brought to vivid life by providing a catalyst in the form of a discontented and restless young married woman. In "Hilda Manning," Allan Seager's fourth novel, he has used the same device to prove that if a contemporary heroine is sufficiently disturbing to her neighbors an intensely dramatic story can be evolved from her sexual appeal to nearly all young and middle-aged males for miles around.

Unlike Lewis's Carol Kennicot, who was bored and intellectually restless, Hilda Manning was a large, passive woman, deceptively slender, a skilled housewife who had little to say. Men came at her like wolves; their eyes followed her as she walked down the village street. Sam Larned, the owner of a prosperous garage, who became her lover, thought of her as a childless earth mother, and wondered how she alone drew something mysterious, powerful, and secret out of the commonplace.

No one knew then that she had fled from her distant home and was the mother of the illegitimate son of a passing soldier who had died in the war. Apparently she wanted nothing from all these men who yearned for her; it was not her fault that she had an elemental sex appeal, or that when she appeared to be meditating she was thinking not of love but of money.

Hilda had married a middle-aged, tight-fisted, and wealthy farmer who owned a large house and 160 acres of fertile land. Acel was too old for her, and he suffered from a heart ailment and from a sense of sexual inadequacy; he was no longer a man. The village women, oddly enough, were not jealous of her, for they accepted her for what she seemed to be, a placid farm woman with a sick husband who smelled of old age. There was Mrs. Wilson who took in boarders and had an old-age pension, the ladies at the barbecue in the Church of Jehovah, two of whom had promptly died of ptomaine poison, and Charlie Anslinger's wife, Ollie, a non-stop talker who ran the town's beauty parlor. George Hunt said, "She's the only woman I ever saw who can talk on the inhale."

With one exception the men who hovered around Hilda were the commonplace figures to be seen in any remote village: farmers, tradesmen, a realtor who had been a sheepherder, an auctioneer, the garage keeper who was in love with her. The exception was the doctor, a literate, talkative, alcoholic graduate of Harvard who thought that all of them were wonderful people, especially when they were dying. Death was horrible to the doctor; it was the only thing that kept him alive.

IT WAS Doctor Higbee who signed the certificate of Acel Manning's death. When Acel came back from the hospital it was apparent to Hilda that he was dying. There might be some doubt in the reader's mind whether she put arsenic in his coffee one evening to rid him of suffering as if he were a sick dog, or whether Hilda had her eye on inheriting Acel's estate. At any rate, within twenty-four hours after the funeral she had sold house and farm for $40,000 and was on her way to her sister's home to take possession of the son she had left with her.

The remainder of the novel is concerned with her flight and the men she carelessly lived with until the fact that she had murdered her husband was known. Apparently Mr. Seager assumed that his novel required a happy ending. Her neighbors and her abandoned lover, Sam, were willing to accept Acel's death as a mercy killing, though it seems unlikely that a widow

(*Continued on page* 40)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—From "Spring on an Arctic Island."

Eskimo hunting seal with author Scherman—"encroachment of civilization on the Eskimo's Stone Age way of life."

The Wiles of the Wilderness

"Arctic Wilderness," by Robert Marshall *(University of California Press. 171 pp. $3.75), and* ***"Spring on an Arctic Island," by Katharine Scherman*** *(Little, Brown. 331 pp. $5), are the journals of writer-scientists who find great exhilaration in stepping into parts of the world where few humans have stepped before.*

By Murray Morgan

SINCE the amount of unexplored territory in the world is finite each successful penetration of the unknown reduces that portion left to explore and leaves many would-be adventurers with a feeling of loss.

The late Robert Marshall, some of whose journals have been compiled by his brother into a book called "Arctic Wilderness," felt as a boy "that while life might still be pleasant it could never be the great adventure it might have been if I had only been born in time to join the Lewis and Clark Expedition."

Between 1929 and 1939 Marshall, a forester and scientist, took time off from his work with government agencies and explored and mapped the Northern Koyokuk drainage area in central Alaska. The stated purpose of his three trips was scientific, but Marshall freely conceded that "the justification . . . for present-day exploration . . . is almost exclusively the selfish one of giving oneself the exhilaration of that most glorious of all pastimes, setting foot where no human being has ever trod before."

During his three summer outings above the Arctic Circle, Marshall set his foot on much previously untrammeled territory. He recorded his exhilaration in precise, deeply-felt prose:

> Every mountain was covered with snow, every peak showed a clear white edge set against a pure blue background. Almost everything in life seems to be at least somewhat blurred and misty around the edges and so little is ever absolute that there was a genuine satisfaction in seeing the flawless white of those summits and the flawless blue of the sky and the razor sharpness with which the two came together.

So convinced was Marshall that "exploration is perhaps the greatest esthetic experience a human being can know" that he came to advocate rationing the remaining wilderness so that the possibility of exploration might be prolonged as much as possible.

As Director of Forestry for the Office of Indian Affairs, Marshall helped create a system of wilderness areas in Indian reservations and the national forests. Later, as Chief of the Division of Recreation and Lands for the U. S. Forest Service, he recommended that "the development of Alaska's resources should be retarded" and vast areas, especially in the wilderness north of the Yukon, be left undisturbed except by adventurers.

It would be unfair to "Arctic Wilderness" to imply that Marshall spends much time arguing these opinions. This is a book of adventure. Most of it concerns the hardships of the trail, the dangers of the rivers, the joys of discovery, and especially the delights of traveling the wilderness with competent frontiersmen—Indian, Eskimo, or white.

ADMIRATION for men capable of surviving in a hostile land is also a key theme in Katharine Scherman's "Spring on an Arctic Island," a lovely account of a bird-watching expedition to the Canadian Arctic in 1954.

The party went to Bylot Island, an expanse of tundra and rock just north of Baffin Island, which in turn corks the entrance to Hudson Bay. Mrs. Scherman watched the birds, the bees, and the lemmings rewardingly and the book is splashed with wonderful descriptive passages. But (like Bob Marshall) much as she loves nature she is most interesting when writing of people, particularly of Idlouk, the leader of the Baffin Island Eskimos.

> This Eskimo was even smaller than the others and he was thin, frail-looking, and not young. His dark face was bony and extremely Mongolian in structure. He wore glasses and carried a camera slung around his neck. His white parka, decorated with colored braid, was spotless and its hood was lined with soft red dog fur. On his breast gleamed a gold medal.

During their six weeks on Bylot the scientists came to know Idlouk as an

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

extraordinarily competent man, supremely at home in a difficult land.

> Idlouk shot [a seal] immediately after the departure of the walrus, and the sound of the big thirty-thirty rifle echoed and re-echoed from mountain to mountain far down the wild coast of Baffin Island. He stood his harpoon on the peak of a small hummock, rested his telescope on it, and sighted to see whether the seal, about two hundred yards out, had sunk or floated. With unconscious grace he posed himself against the gleaming mountains, endlessly repeating themselves, desolate, untouched. Idlouk looked as if he were alone on earth—but not in the least disturbed by the fact.

Mrs. Scherman (again like Bob Marshall) is disturbed by the encroachment of our civilization on the Eskimo's Stone Age way of life. Already the tribesmen have been harnessed to an economy based on fur, and where once they hunted for food they now trap fox for money with which to buy food. Now, still worse, they are being drawn into the mining camps and military bases to serve as menial labor—surely the greatest waste of any wilderness resource.

"One day, all of sudden, there will be nothing left of the Eskimo," Mrs. Scherman laments. "He is like a mummy which has been preserved for thousands of years. Unwrapped and exposed to air he will crumble to dust."

Philosophers' Ride

"Journey From the Arctic," by D. C. Brown *(Alfred A. Knopf. 232 pp. $4.50), is a Britisher's report on a five-month horseback ride through Scandinavia that was as much a spiritual as a physical adventure.*

By Raymond Holden

THE Arctic Circle, not a very marked line, flings a noose over northwestern Europe including Norway, Sweden, Finland, and Russia. The Arctic of the Scandinavian peninsula is quite different from the Arctic of eastern Russia, Alaska, or Canada. It includes what is inaccurately referred to as the world's most northerly town, Hammerfest, a port regularly visited by cruise ships in search of the midnight sun.

Why anyone should choose the Scandinavian Arctic as the start of a horseback ride and the date of the start as midwinter is a question which a Britisher by the name of D. C. Brown tries without complete success to make clear in his charming narrative "Journey From the Arctic." To coast down a ski slope you must first get to the top of it. So with Mr. Brown's horseback ride. He wanted it to be a long ride so he had to go to the top of the world to insure proper momentum. Scandinavia was handy, it provided a long stretch of country which people didn't ride through every day, and it satisfied Brown's major condition—it offered an itinerary which no one could suppose had any pragmatic justification. Scandinavia it should be and in winter, since it would not be sporting to go to the Arctic in summer.

Brown advertised for a companion and got a sympathetic Dane, referred to throughout the narrative as G. S. G. S. spoke English in addition to Danish and Swedish and he spoke Brown's language of the spirit as well. The pair took ship for Hammerfest, and there transferred to a smaller vessel which took them up the fjord to Bossekop. Here they bought a meager outfit and borrowed a pair of horses as none were to be had for sale north of the Swedish border. Followed by a sledge, bearing two men, the horses' fodder, and miscellaneous supplies, Brown and his companion headed south across the great plateau of Finnmarksvidda through the land of the Lapps, reindeer, and blizzards. At Karesuando, in Sweden, they were able to buy two horses, Musti and Pilkis, which carried them the rest of the way over mountains, through swamps and forests under conditions which, it may be imagined, did not seem as sporting to the horses as to their masters.

It was a remarkable journey, across the rivers of North Sweden, down along the slope of the Kiolen Mountains, and then westward over the snow passes into Norway. Having left their sledge behind the two riders traveled light, depending on the hospitality of the country, which proved adequate for the most part though there were intervals of severe cold and gnawing hunger.

It would be easy to dismiss these five months of exhausting travel as a typical example of the British cult of pointlessness in sporting endeavor, but Brown's narrative reminds us that the health of the spirit of which such disciplinary pointlessness is a part is contagious and particularly so when the protagonist is a philosopher. Brown's ride, of which he writes with beauty and simplicity, was not so much a matter of travel as of moral experience. His story is of the wide open spaces of that realm into which a man is drawn when he depends only upon himself and nature.

The reader cannot help feeling that these two extraordinary travelers found the best possible way of seeing Scandinavia, a way which, unfortunately, very few may follow save through D. S. Brown's charming pages.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

TITULAR TWOSOMES

Numerous literary titles pair the names of characters (boy-girl combinations usually). Helen Nitzsche of Maquoketa, Iowa, offers a group of these, and asks you to assign the correct authors. Identifications on page 40.

1. "Joan and Peter"	( )	Author unknown; Andrew Lang, trans.
2. "Pierre and Luce"	( )	J. H. Bernardin de Saint-Pierre
3. "Pierre and Jean"	( )	Françoise de Bernardy
4. "Tommy and Grizel"	( )	William Shakespeare
5. "Hero and Leander"	( )	Maurice Maeterlinck
6. "Paul and Virginia"	( )	Christopher Morley
7. "Claudia and David"	( )	Guy de Maupassant
8. "Daphnis and Chloe"	( )	Geoffrey Chaucer
9. "Rudolph and Amina"	( )	Stephen Phillips
10. "Sappho and Alcaeus"	( )	James M. Barrie
11. "Paolo and Francesca"	( )	Romain Rolland
12. "Albert and Victoria"	( )	W. S. Gilbert
13. "Héloïse and Abélard"	( )	Philip Sidney
14. "William and Dorothy"	( )	Rose Franken
15. "Troilus and Criseyde"	( )	George Moore
16. "Astrophel and Stella"	( )	Helen Ashton
17. "Caesar and Cleopatra"	( )	H. G. Wells
18. "Troilus and Cressida"	( )	Denys Page
19. "Pélléas and Mélisande"	( )	G. B. Shaw
20. "Pygmalion and Galatea"	( )	Musaeus
21. "Aucassin and Nicolette"	( )	Longus

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Magellan in a Thirty-Four-Foot Tub

"The Search for Captain Slocum," by Walter Magnes Teller *(Scribner. 258 pp. $3.95), is a biography of the unhappy, driven man who was the first to sail around the world alone and wrote a classic account of it.*

By Robert Payne

IF, AS Baudelaire once declared, the most beautiful of all things is a sailing ship then Joshua Slocum had his fill of beauty. He was brought up on sailing ships, commanded some of the best of them, and when he was well into middle age he sailed single-handed round the world in a little tub called the *Spray* and lived to write a classic account of the journey. The *Spray* was thirty-six feet long, she was weatherbeaten and snub-nosed and built, as he said, "out of whatever came to hand and cost least"; she was evil-smelling and singularly difficult for anyone else except her captain to manage, yet she brought him safely round the world, and in any other age he would have been greeted as a hero among heroes. He had accomplished a feat which no one would ever have dared to believe possible, and his account of the journey has the grace and charm which go with near-illiteracy.

Many who have read "Sailing Alone Around the World," published sixty years ago and still in print, have been aware of a curious feeling of uneasiness. Captain Slocum says little about himself and never answers the question: What drove him to make the journey? We are aware of immense seas, a tempest-tossed boat, a strange streak of sullenness and anger in the man. He has the canniness of a good sailor, but underneath there is always something curiously rotten, something which has gone to seed. Now comes Walter Magnes Teller to tell the story in full in a book called "The Search for Captain Slocum." Slocum's great achievement remains, for nothing can take away from him the glory of his great voyage, but the man himself emerges as a crusty-tempered, hard-hitting, and secretive old fogey whose chief reason for sailing round the world seems to have been a desire to get away from the human race.

Mr. Teller has pored over the old documents, collected the old photographs, and pieced together a generally rewarding account of the captain's life. We trace him step by step from his birth in the maritime province of Nova Scotia through his unhappy childhood—his father once smashed his toy sailing boats—and then through his early sailing-ship commands to the long series of lonely voyages and his mysterious death. Though the story is oddly journalistic we are presented with a three-dimensional portrait. Slocum springs alive. From the beginning he wore a chip on his shoulder. He had trouble with his crews, was nearly wrecked in a typhoon, lost his best ship on a sandbar, and was often poverty-stricken. He fought without much glory in the Brazilian revolution and saw the great days of sailing vessels come to an end.

SAILING was all he was good for. So on April 24, 1895, at the age of fifty-one, "spry as a kitten and nimble as a monkey," he set out from East Boston in his homemade *Spray* with the avowed intention of circumnavigating the globe. He sailed straight across the Atlantic, and at Gibraltar announced that the ghost of Columbus had steered his ship across the ocean. He was in good heart and determined to continue through the Mediterranean, until the British warned him of pirates, then he sailed back across the Atlantic, made Pernambuco, cleared the tide-race off Cape Pilar and the Evangelistas, and headed northwest across the Pacific, touching down at Juan Fernandez, where he taught the islanders how to make doughnuts and stayed for ten days, before sailing for Apia in Samoa, which he reached two and a half months later.

Fanny Stevenson greeted him at Vailima. A Samoan chief invited him to stay: "Let the days go by; why should we mourn over that? There are millions of days coming. The breadfruit is yellow in the sun." But Slocum was happier with the blue sea and the white sails, and he went off quietly to Australia, and then sailed to South Africa, where he met President Kruger, who believed the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

earth was flat and therefore found Slocum's journey incomprehensible. Three years, two months, and two days after sailing from East Boston he dropped anchor in Newport Harbor. He had done what he set out to do: and his real life was over.

The rest was a seedy decline and a weariness of the flesh. He had never been comfortable in the world, and as he grew older he grew more irascible. He gave lectures and wondered why he drew such small fees. He raised fruit-trees and hops on Martha's Vineyard, but his heart was not in it. Driven by devils, he had accomplished an act of superb heroism, and no one seemed to care. Restless as always, he sailed the *Spray* out of Menemsha Basin, speaking mysteriously about a voyage to the headwaters of the Amazon. He was never heard from again.

His tragedy was the tragedy of all seamen in love with the sea. "Ports are no good—ships rot, men go to the devil!" says the chief mate in Joseph Conrad's "The Mirror of the Sea." But he had his triumph. "I have made a voyage such as even the Emperor of Germany could not do," he wrote once. "The story will keep. No one short of bone and muscle and pine knots will lower the record." And no one ever has.

THE CASE OF THE MISSING FROGMAN: One morning last spring the people of Britain awoke to find their Government involved in a real whodunit. They learned that on April 18 their wartime hero Commander Lionel Kenneth ("Buster") Crabb had mysteriously disappeared in the vicinity of Portsmouth Harbor after having checked in for one day at the Sally Port Hotel there. All clues led to the harbor, where on that day the Soviet cruiser *Ordzhonikidze* lay at anchor after bringing Soviet visitors Bulganin and Khrushchev to England; and it was reported that Frogman Crabb, whose wartime job it was to remove enemy-attached mines from the bottoms of British ships, had been out frogging again around the bottom of the *Ordzhonikidze*. Embarrassed by the delicate international situation, even the British Foreign Office spoke up. "Commander Crabb," the Foreign Office announced, "carried out frogman tests, and . . . lost his life during these tests. His presence in the vicinity of the destroyers occurred without any permission whatever, and Her Majesty's Government express their regret at the incident." But the public was dissatisfied with this answer. Why, they wondered, had their frogman been spying on the Soviet cruiser? Had the Russians taken him prisoner? Had they killed him?

This week, hoping to capitalize on public interest in the mystery of the missing frogman, the publishing firm of Charles Scribner's Sons rushed into print a biography of Commander Crabb entitled **"Frogman,"** by Marshall Pugh ($3.50). The book is little more than a patriotic pat on the back for wartime hero Crabb, who had already been awarded the George Medal and the Order of the British Empire. But here and there are to be found some interesting facts about the pre- and postwar life of a national hero. A rover by nature, Commander Crabb had joined and left the British Merchant Navy early in his life, had managed to support himself at one time or another by becoming a gas-station attendant in Wind Gap, Penna., and had modeled bathing trunks for an advertising agency (with his hat on to keep his self-respect) in order to make ends meet. Down and out by the time the war broke out, the then Mr. Crabb, who was congenitally opposed to exercise in any form and who was capable of swimming only three lengths of a swimming pool, volunteered for the Royal Navy and finally ended up as a frogman, though he never improved his swimming in the least. By the time he disappeared this year Commander Crabb had been retired from the Navy without pension and could look forward only to an impecunious future. Then, apparently, came the orders to report to Portsmouth Harbor and his subsequent disappearance. Of this mystery, however, even the book is non-committal, for Mr. Pugh simply sums up the case of the missing frogman in the already published words of England's Prime Minister. His words: "I deplore this [situation] and I will say no more," thereby disclosing nothing.

—J. H.

LIFE UNDERGROUND: "Spelunking," which means cave exploring, may someday be as popular as skin-diving. It is similar in many ways, for it requires interesting special equipment (ropes, ladders, lamps, pitons, helmets, and so on), it flourishes among small groups of dedicated hobbyists, and it has a compelling mystique in the feeling of its practitioners that they are exploring a new and different world. You can get a good idea of what this world is like from Franklin Folsom's book **"Exploring American Caves"** (Crown, $5), and you can also learn about the process of cave formation, and the discovery of such American caves as Carlsbad Caverns in New Mexico and Mammoth Cave in Kentucky. Along the way you will get lots of information about the natural history of the blind fish, salamanders, daddy longlegs, rats, and fugitives from justice that like to live in caves. You may not be impelled (as this reader was not) to get a rope, a lamp, and a hard hat and set out to crawl a few hundred yards through a ten-inch-high limestone fault, but you cannot fail to be impressed by the beauties of the living limestone formations that are described in Mr. Folsom's text and verified in the handsome accompanying photographs. If you know you're not a claustrophobe, and feel you were born to roam in the deep-delved earth, you might become one of the thousands of spelunkers whose enthusiasm has built the National Speleological Society into a unique fraternity of scientists and laymen united by a passion for caves. For the tyro hobbyist the book contains a complete guide to American caves, lists of equipment, and tips on how both to safeguard and enjoy yourself underground.

—THOMAS E. COONEY.

ALSO NOTED: **"Earth, Sky, and Sea,"** by Auguste Piccard (Oxford, $4), will remind readers of one of the strangest cases of specialization in a practical man of science, for it is the work of the man whose long-haired head has peered out of balloon gondolas and bathysphere hatches in scores of newspaper photos in the last twenty-five years. Professor Piccard now explains, with an almost overwhelming accompaniment of technical data, the mirrorlike similarities between the problems of ascending through the thinning atmosphere and descending through the increasing pressure of the ocean. Although his book is too abstruse in spots for the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

layman it is nevertheless interesting to browse around in; for a person with nautical or engineering training it could be fascinating.

"Man and the Underwater World," by Pierre de Latil and Jean Rivoire (Putnam, $5), puts together all sorts of strange lore about the sea from ancient times and the Middle Ages and gradually traces out the development of modern scientific attitudes about that mystic mother of life. Strikingly illustrated with old prints, photographs, and diagrams, and crammed with literary, scientific, historical, and anthropological information, this volume provides an intellectual feast somewhat on the order of Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy."

"The Spirit of Adventure," edited by Whit Burnett (Holt, $5), is a really discriminating collection of adventure narratives. Most of them are nonfiction, like Peter Freuchen's uninhibited account of Eskimo winter travel (complete with borrowed wife), Maurice Herzog's anguished recollections of Annapurna, Juan Belmonte's non-Hemingwayish account of the education of a bullfighter, Admiral Byrd's memories of his lonely vigil in an Antarctic weather station, and a number of essays on the new frontiers of supersonic air travel, rockets, and scientifically imagined space-travel. The level of style of these narratives is good, but they all suffer by comparison with the masterpieces of fictional adventure that are also included: parts of "Huckleberry Finn," "Moby Dick," and "Don Quixote."

"The Conquest of Mount McKinley," by Belmore Brown (Houghton Mifflin, $6), a reissue of a book first published in 1913, is a reminder of the strange career of Frederick Cook, who claimed to have reached the North Pole before Peary. A few years before, in 1906, he made another equally dubious claim, that he had reached the top of the American continent, the summit of Mount McKinley in Alaska. A member of his party, Belmore Brown, who was a gentleman adventurer born in New York and brought up in Europe, Tacoma, Wash., and Alaska, knew that Cook had not come within twenty miles of his goal. Brown became involved in the Cook controversy and set out to climb Mount McKinley himself, mostly to get photographic evidence of Cook's failure. After two trips, in 1910 and 1912, Brown had come within three hundred yards of the 20,000-foot summit, and *without oxygen*. The present reissue is a worthy addition to the literature of mountain climbing and gives an unusual period-picture of camping and exploring methods in early Alaska. —T. E. C.

FEMININE PORTRAITS

—*Drawing from "Golden Interlude."*

Emily and Fanny Eden in India—". . . grandeur, jewels, silks, heat, vermin, homesickness."

The Splendour That Was India

***"Golden Interlude," by Janet Dunbar** (Houghon Mifflin. 230 pp. $3.50), recounts the experiences of the Eden family, and especially its ladies, in India early in the Victorian era.*

By Evelyn Eaton

ONE hundred and twenty years ago four unusual people, members of a great English family of diplomats, shared an experience which nowadays could not be duplicated in barbaric splendor and extraordinary contrast.

"The splendour of a Governor-General's Progress is at an end . . ." Emily Eden wrote in the dedication of her book about the experience, "Up the Country" (1866). "These contrasts of public grandeur and private discomfort will probably be seen no more on a scale of such magnificence."

Emily Eden and her sister Fanny, two high-spirited, witty, and indomitable English spinsters who contributed so much largesse to the life and literature of the nineteenth century, toured India in golden howdahs, silver tonjuans, or boats "contrived to look like gigantic peacocks swimming." As Emily walked down paths of scarlet and gold kincob she "mourned to herself that this stuff was a pound a yard in the bazaars; she had been trying to make up her mind for a week to afford enough for a dressing gown, and here she was treading on it." They lived in silken tents pitched in the jungle and ate at a table with candlelight and silverware spread on a sandbar. They traveled with a retinue of 200 servants, a menagerie of pets, including a pet deer which went in its own howdah and had its own servants; they received gifts of jewels and silks, which they could only glance at before they were snatched away from them publicly to become part of the treasure of the East India Company. They endured heat and vermin and fatigue and, above all, homesickness. They wrote voluminous letters, kept journals, and made drawings, out of which Miss Dunbar has taken the bulk of her material for "Golden Interlude," her absorbing account of their six years in India.

They were there because their brother George Eden, second Lord Auckland, had been appointed Governor-General in 1835, and they as the "women" of his household naturally accompanied him, sometimes in his golden howdah, sometimes in a slightly inferior howdah with less decoration.

AUCKLAND'S instructions were to build up a rampart of friendly buffer states between India and Russia. Part of Persia had already been swallowed up by that incalculable empire rolling eastwards in Asia. The Ottoman Sultan had been attacked. Russian

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

emissaries were already in Afghanistan, bordering the northwest frontier of India. One of the most disastrous minor wars in British history was in the making.

It might have been averted if pig-headed officials like Sir William Macnaghten had not misread or chosen to ignore the warning signs of unrest and rebellion among the Afghan tribes, or if the Governor-General had taken the right measures and made the right decisions after he began to perceive the grim truth. But George Eden, though an able and experienced politician, a Whig like his friend the Prime Minister, Lord Melbourne, was more interested in reform than in war, and especially in his own enlightened policies for the development of widespread "native" education throughout India.

HE WAS returning from a two-year good-will "progress" accompanied by Emily and Fanny, and had got as far as Agra when the war broke out. There were some misleading victories at first, and premature congratulations from England, and then the news reaching Calcutta was grim, each day growing worse, until the last retreat turned into rout, the death march from Kabul. Only one out of 5,000 survived it.

The end of George Eden's term of office was at hand. He went home to face censure and abuse in the newspapers and searching questions from the Board of Control. His six years' administration was a crucial period in Indian history, but in "Golden Interlude" it is merely the background, the *raison d'être* for the four characters to be there, as his rank is the stage set for their unusual experiences.

William Eden, fourth member of the party, was his uncle's aide-de-camp, a lighthearted, attractive young officer, who liked tiger hunts and whose high spirits gained him the friendship of the old Lion of Lahore, the Mararajah Ranjit Singh, most dissipated, fierce, ruthlessly ambitious, and richest of the native princes. The Mararajah wore the Koh-i-nur diamond in a bracelet on his elbow, and once allowed William to handle it. "It was not often, William thought, that a man held three million pounds in his palm." William was also offered Kashmiri ladies to hold, and given a performance by the Amazon bodyguard, including the famous Lotus.

One could go on plucking plums out of this most fascinating book for many pages—there are some on every page—and still leave out many of the best. Miss Dunbar is to be congratulated on a brilliantly compiled, witty, and romantically nostalgic book.

Princess in an Alien Land

Princess Vicky—". . . 'all life and spirit'."

"The Empress Frederick," by Richard Barkeley *(St. Martin's Press. 336 pp. $6), is a biography of Queen Victoria's daughter, who found small triumphs and large frustrations as Empress of Germany.*

By Helen Beal Woodward

WHEN the International Council of Women, an equal-rights outfit, convened at Berlin in 1904 the delegates were stunned to find that German officialdom had rolled out its red carpet. Flattered, feted at banquet and garden party, the ladies came at length to a reception in the Royal Palace, with the Empress herself doing the honors beside the potted palms. Up spoke Susan B. Anthony, never one to be awed by protocol: the ladies hoped their welcome meant that Emperor William II planned to grant equal rights to German women. The coolly smiling reply made it clear that William's welcome meant nothing. The Emperor had simply demonstrated his technique for dealing with strong-minded women of some political importance. His public deference thinly concealed hostility and contempt.

William had perfected his technique in dealing with his own strong-minded mother, one of the most gifted and intellectually emancipated women to have occupied any modern throne. When Victoria, the first child of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, was born in 1840 she ushered in (according to Richard Barkeley in "The Empress Frederick") "the Victorian period of respectable family life" which was to restore the prestige of monarchy in an increasingly middle-class industrialized England.

Princess Vicky grew up as bright and healthy as though all the good fairies had left wishes at her cradle. She was the apple of her father's eye, the nation's sweetheart, and probably the most famous teen-age girl in the world one hundred years ago—"all life and spirit, full of frolic and fun." At seventeen when she journeyed to Prussia as a bride Vicky still seemed cast as destiny's darling. Prince Frederick, her bridegroom, stood second in line (after his father) for the Prussian throne. Handsome, liberal-minded, and intelligent, "one of the finest men of his time," he was deeply in love with his young wife and remained so while he lived.

BUT Fritz's love was almost the only bright spot in Vicky's future. Her free, secure childhood made it hard for her to adjust to life at the court of the hidebound Hohenzollerns, and though eager to please she could not resist commenting on how much better they did things in England. Her new compatriots, for their part, refused to regard her as anything but an alien, and misinterpreted her most innocent remarks. Above all one man, Prince Bismarck, set out to crush her. Vicky's English origin, her gay unconventional ways and wide range of interests, her lack of race prejudice,

—Illustrations from the book.

Prince Frederick—"liberal, intelligent."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and the liberal views which she had imbibed from her father and shared with her husband, all made her anathema to Bismarck the Junker, the anti-Semite, and the feudal politician. He hated and feared this woman who differed so sharply from the pious matron-cook who constituted the Prussian ideal of womanhood. Nor was his fear without basis. Fritz and Vicky given power would have brought parliamentary reforms to threaten Bismarck's absolutism.

POWER, however, they were never to know. For when, after a weary lifetime of waiting, Frederick succeeded his aged father as Emperor of Germany he was dying from cancer of the throat. In less than three months he was succeeded by his son, William II (the Kaiser Wilhelm of World War I), who had learned to despise his mother as a meddling foreigner and had always preferred Bismarck's blood, iron, and autocracy to his parents' liberalism.

Vicky's story has never been told more movingly than in "The Empress Frederick." Dr. Barkeley's biography sometimes has the mildly old-fashioned flavor of an authorized Life. He starts off with "humble thanks . . . to The Queen" for permission to quote from the archives at Windsor, and he makes more use of quoted correspondence than Vicky's previous biographers. He keeps his focus firmly on his main characters, declining to be drawn off into more than a minimum of discussion about Prussian politics or the personality of Vicky's mother-in-law or the drives behind Bismarck's implacable persecution of the English princess. What we have, then, is an excellent compact biography within the limits the author has set himself; even though I found myself wishing at times, for the sake of fuller understanding, that he had set larger limits.

German historians, Dr. Erich Eyck excepted, have scarcely made a pretense of being fair to the Empress Frederick, and Nazi orators as late as the 1930s were heaping curses on the memory of that "scheming female." In her defense Vicky's partisans have been unwilling to face the fact that she was to a degree unstable, subject to waves of emotionalism and intense adolescent crushes. Dr. Barkeley's sympathies are pro-Vicky, but he tries hard for, and comes close to, objectivity. Disposing of the myth that she dominated her husband's ideas, he shows that Fritz remained calmly, sadly aware of the means by which Bismarck's victories were attained, while Vicky was carried away by the thrill of being on the winning side.

"Don't worry about George—he's some sort of visionary."

Dr. Barkeley is also the first biographer to emphasize the blame that Vicky's parents deserve for her difficulties. They would not let her assume her new role as married woman, but bombarded her with advice and demanded that she write home daily.

On the score of Vicky's greatest failure, her tragic relationship with her eldest son, Dr. Barkeley tends to string along with the view that the Empress neglected her boy and turned him over to a brutalizing education. He does not mention that she wanted to nurse Willie and was prevented by her in-laws from doing so. To the nineteen-year-old girl, once she had performed her function of producing an heir, it may have seemed that the baby was hardly hers to love; that indeed he was not a baby at all, but an institution.

One may differ from Dr. Barkeley on detail. I cannot imagine any devotee of biography, however, who would not get real satisfaction from "The Empress Frederick."

GIRLS IN NEW YORK: Many things have changed over the centuries, but prostitution still remains the Oldest Profession. In **"Sisters of the Night: The Startling Story of Prostitution in New York Today"** (Julian Messner, $3.50) Jess Stearn gives an informal survey of conditions current in the country's largest city. Whether New York is the best place for such a report is a moot point, since the city has not harbored organized prostitution for many decades.

But, intentionally or not, Mr. Stearn's book shows that prostitution is not the oldest profession for nothing. It is adaptable, and when eradicated on the street level merely moves indoors. Without being overly lurid, Mr. Stearn, a feature writer on the tabloid *New York Daily News*, shows that the attractive, well-scrubbed, high-school-type girl caught selling her body today is almost always a victim of dope addiction among the young. At far greater length, he interviews the Jelke-type girl, attractive enough to command sums from $50-$100 for a few hours' use of her body, and sometimes a mink jacket or nights at El Morocco as a bonus. Such girls seem to be New York's largest prostitute group today, and by their very existence raise another question. What of the man willing to pay so much for so little? What of the male type who seems to feel a compulsive urge to be victimized by orchidaceous girls? A study of this *genus homo* would—frankly—seem to fill more of a need than Mr. Stearn's study of the call girl, who, as in centuries past, is an emotional child fond of clothes and hot spots. He does bring out, however, one fact usually imbedded deep in dull reports—that prostitutes, street or El Morocco variety, are suicide-prone. Also that, though she may have a fine fling for a while, the girl just can't win.

—ALLEN CHURCHILL.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review

Editor: NORMAN COUSINS
Chairman, Editorial Board: HENRY SEIDEL CANBY
Chairman, Board of Directors: E. DEGOLYER
Associate Editors: HARRISON SMITH, IRVING KOLODIN

Assistant Editor: ELOISE PERRY HAZARD
Feature Editor: PEPPER RITNER
Book Review Editor: RAYMOND WALTERS, JR.
Poetry Editor: JOHN CIARDI

Editors-at-Large
CLEVELAND AMORY
HARRISON BROWN
JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH
WALTER MILLIS
ELMO ROPER
JOHN STEINBECK
FRANCIS HENRY TAYLOR

Contributing Editors
JOHN MASON BROWN
BENNETT CERF
HENRY HEWES
JOHN LEAR
JAMES THRALL SOBY
HORACE STERN
JOHN T. WINTERICH

Publisher: J. R. COMINSKY
Associate Publisher: W. D. PATTERSON

Contents Copyrighted 1956, by Saturday Review, Inc.

The Search for a Rule of Life

WHEN some developments in nineteenth-century science aroused the apprehensions of Charles Kingsley he communicated them to Thomas Henry Huxley and Huxley struck an attitude: "Sit down before fact as a little child . . . follow humbly and to whatever abyss nature leads or you will learn nothing."

Even today it would hardly do to reverse this injunction. We can't always refuse to face a fact before we know where it is going to lead or whether we want to go there. But so many abysses, physical and moral, have been opening since Huxley's time that we can't quite share his Victorian confidence and we might well add a *caveat* more often than we do: "Be quite sure that it really is a fact before you follow it too blindly and too far." Even science revises its facts from time to time, and sometimes it happens that we fall into an abyss between the time when a "fact" is announced and the time when it is discovered to be an error. Science is not so nearly infallible that the warnings of instinct can always be disregarded.

Just how blindly and just how far should we follow what, for instance, we can read as a fact in a textbook called "Psychology and Life"? This bulky work by a professor of psychology at the University of Southern California is described as "intended to meet the needs of students without sacrificing scientific rigor." Of its more than 600 pages little more than one is devoted to "morals," and here is the definition propounded: "Morality is the quality of behaving in the way that society approves. . . . When a person obeys the rules and laws of his society we say that he is moral or good."

If this is a fact, then obviously "moral" and "immoral" have no meaning except in the context of a particular society, and it must be meaningless to say either that one society is morally better than another or, what is probably more important, that any individual is morally superior to the society in which he lives. Moral *excellence* is a phantom, because you cannot exceed the standard. In Nazi Germany, for instance, the torture and murder of Jews and of political opponents constituted "moral" conduct because it accorded with "the rules and laws" of that particular society. Any individual German who refused to take part in such activities was judged to be immoral by the other members of his community, and therefore he *was* immoral according to our California professor.

IS THIS conclusion an inevitable consequence of a "scientific rigor" which we should follow "no matter to what abyss it may lead"? Or is it merely a reckless opinion to be distrusted just because it has already led Nazi Germany and other societies into what many men regard as a very black abyss indeed? The question is of considerable importance in view of the fact that what "Psychology and Life" states with unusual clarity is what has been widely taught by many sociologists and anthropologists as well as by psychologists, none of whom calls it "moral anarchy" (which is what it is) but "cultural and moral relativism" (which sounds not only innocuous but laudably broadminded and tolerant).

As an esoteric doctrine "cultural relativism" can well serve the purposes of the rulers of a totalitarian state raising up a generation of massmen fanatically devoted to "ideals" which the rulers alone know to be neither good nor bad except in relation to secret power-aims. But what will the effect be in a democracy like our own, committed to popular education and to the widest possible dissemination of "the truth"? What line of conduct will a thoughtful man in possession of such a method follow? How will he order his own life in the light of such facts that "scientific rigor" compels him to accept? And to what abysses will he follow these facts?

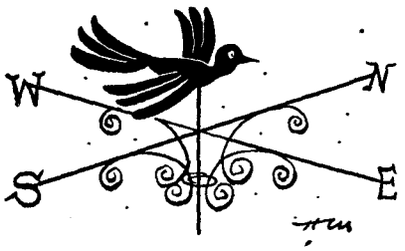
These questions I have recently been asking myself, and it seems to me that there are only two logical life-plans between which I could choose. The first and most obvious is a Machiavellian egotism. Since what is called "right" is merely the

Text for Grandma Moses

By Ted Olson

ALL the clotheslines in America bannered
alike on Monday morning, gospel-white.
The sentry American eagle might have blenched,
thinking the whole land was surrendering.
Not a bit of it. This was ritual.
This was sacrament and absolution.
Godliness had had its day. The next—
likewise proudly, likewise prayerfully—
was vowed to cleanliness.
I like to think
of America early on a Tuesday:
rinsed fresh, starched stiff, ironed shiny,
and only one day gone in sin.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



law or the custom of my community I need have no concern with anything except what the community knows about. I will be careful to retain its good opinion while secretly taking advantage of every possible opportunity to violate law and custom with impunity. As Machiavelli said, the wise man will by no means always tell the truth but will take care to preserve his reputation for truth-telling because he can't take advantage of others unless they trust him. If, for example, you have a chance to take candy from a baby ask only how likely it is that you will be found out. Conscience will then become nothing but what Mr. Mencken once called it: "That still small voice which whispers 'Somebody may be looking'."

THE only other possible rule of life consistent with an acceptance of the supposed fact is less sensational but will also lead in the long run to consequences less than desirable. Should I be so timid or—by heredity or conditioning—so "group minded" that I cannot face even in the secrecy of my own heart the knowledge that I am violating the mores of my community then, for me, virtue will have to consist in the completest possible conformity to those dominant opinions which, for that community, define the meaning of "good." I can never aspire to be better than the average except insofar as I am better because I deviate less than most of my fellows from the norm. I can never hope to raise the standard of my society, because "raising the standard" is a meaningless phrase if the highest possible standard is, by definition, that generally accepted at the moment. Only an absolute conformist on the one hand and anarchistic individualist on the other can be said to "follow the facts."

Is there no *tertium quid*? I have searched without finding one. Any society which actually accepts and acts upon what "scientific rigor" is said to compel us to believe will presently be composed of a certain number of absolute conformists plus a certain number of unscrupulous "men of *virtu*." And there are, of course, those who say that it is precisely towards such a society that the Western world as well as the world behind the Iron Curtain is tending.

If we have not quite got there yet it is because we have not yet followed Huxley's advice with resolute consistency. But we are on our way. As soon as enlightenment has overcome the effectiveness of residual prejudices, in favor of various traditional notions, we will get there. "Psychology and Life" says that philosophy and literature have long concerned themselves with morality but that only recently has science taken over. And it is no doubt because of literature that, for the present, most of us act sometimes as though we believed that "vice" is somehow recognizably a creature of hideous mien no matter how persistently custom or laws may describe it as divinely fair.

As Pope himself knew, his couplet is not always a safe guide. Vice does not always strike us as hideous because, so the next two lines warn us, the customs of a civilization do sometimes make us callously familiar with her face. But the abysses to which too confident a reliance on the moral instinct have led mankind are neither so numerous nor so deep as those towards which the moral anarchists (pardon me, the cultural relativists) invite us to plunge. And there is one striking cultural phenomenon they seem never to have noticed.

The most antithetical standards of value, can, they are fond of telling us, serve equally successful societies. One flourishing race may believe that taking human heads is the most laudable act that any man can perform. Another, like the American Hopis, may live by peace. Competition may be the very breath of life in one place and so frowned upon in another that any sort of personal distinction is almost a disgrace. As Lecky said, there is no possible line of conduct that has not been condemned as a sin at one time and place, enjoined as a virtue at some other. But there is at least one doctrine which no successful culture seems ever to have accepted. And that is cultural and moral relativism!

One and all, no matter how outlandish the ways of some may seem, if there is anything to be learned from anthropology it would appear to be that the only really deadly social philosophy is that which holds that one way is as good as another. At the present moment we are hardly more sure than we were a generation ago where to look for a valid "ought." But we are growing notably less sure that we can get along without one.

—J. W. K.

Bookmarks

THE other morning we passed a young lady picket walking up and down in front of a retail establishment carrying a hortatory poster on a stick in her right hand and an open paperback book in her left. She read as she picketed. We about-faced and retraced our steps three times in the hope that we might report the title in this space, but the angle was bad and, as we didn't want to ask right out, we slunk away.

* * *

In an enjoyable mystery novel by Geoffrey Holiday Hull called "The Watcher at the Door," the hero boards an Austrian train which is "almost overcrowded." Here is a word-pattern that deserves a special label, such as, perhaps, compensating reverse double-shuffle with decelerating backspin.

* * *

Americans call it *broad jump* and the British *long jump*. The British, it seems to us, hold a slight edge of descriptive accuracy here. But the difference isn't earth-shaking—the thing's as broad as it is long.

* * *

A young woman acquaintance of ours went into a beauty parlor the other day and emerged with ruly hair.

* * *

A cudgel is taken up by H. J. Heltman of DeWitt, New York:

> You recently noted the tendency of newsmen to use "presently" when they could just as well write "now." I should like to raise a question about a similar tendency of American writers, both newsmen and others, to use *an* before certain words beginning with *h* when they might just as easily, and more appropriately, use *a*. For English writers who almost universally omit their *h* when they speak the *an* reflects how their speech *sounds*. But for us who use the American dialects of English speech writing "an hundred," for example, is pure affectation.

* * *

Problem for new acquirers of English: the distinction between a sitting duck and a setting duck.

* * *

If christeners of superroads go so far as *thruway*, why not go the rest of the distance and make it *thruay*?

* * *

Does an effort ever break if one bends it too far? —J. T. W.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

ANYWAY A PITCHER!

ERNESTINE EVANS'S review of William Saroyan's "Mama I Love You" (*SR* June 2) was fine until her boner ending. Twink's dream was to pitch for the Giants, not the Yankees. You should extend apologies to Bill Rigney.

RUDY DUENZL.

New York, N. Y.

MORE SALES, LOWER COSTS

THE BEST REPLY to Ronald Mansbridge's article "Books Are Hard Work" (*SR* June 2) lies in a visit to any bookstore in France. The French publishers have, by doing away with boards, cloth bindings, elaborately-illustrated jackets, and expensive book paper on all new books, reduced the price of their publications to less than half that of new American books—in an economy where the costs of most items beyond food and rent are roughly equivalent to those in the U. S. If the French can do it so can we—if our publishers have the guts and hardheadedness to make the change.

In France the idea is that the lowest possible price will increase the availability of books to those who like to read, that those who confronted with high prices in books may buy only one or two over a long period of time will buy as many as three or four in a single visit to a bookstore when the works on sale are geared to his pocketbook. To state this in American terms, if I could go to a store and find immediately after the reviews appeared Hersey's "A Single Pebble," Shaw's "The Happy Exiles," Sevareid's "Small Sounds in the Night," and MacDonald's "The Ford Foundation" at $1.00 or $1.25 each (rough approximations of average French prices for new books) I would buy them all and feel my four or five dollars well spent. The only difference is that the publishers would get my money in the imagined instance, and that of thousands like me, rather than nothing at all as at present.

I am aware some publishers made a rather silly experiment along these lines a few years ago, but it failed because only a few titles were given this treatment. As a result the general book-buying public felt these must be poorer than the hard-bound volumes he saw surrounding them. To a certain extent he was justified—almost the only title of worth among all those so treated was Romain Gary's "The Company of Men."

No, the only way in which such a worthwhile change will ever be successfully accomplished is in its adoption by all major American publishers of popular new trade books at approximately the same time, and with their entire output of books (excepting a few special titles which, as in France, can also be offered in hard covers for collectors and libraries—new novels by authors with a built-in reputation whom the wise buyer knows in advance he wants on his shelves in cloth binding). Then when the publisher discovers that the sales of his previous typical hard-cover best-sellers double and treble at the reduced prices and increase his income many times over he will only be able to wonder why he didn't think of this years ago, and been able to keep his firm both solvent and respectable without having to stoop to Mickey Spillanes, Bridey Murphys, and Veliekovskis.

I would like to see some typical representative of the large trade publishers wrestle with his conscience and common sense in "explaining" why this departure from the present incompetent publishing practices in new books cannot be undertaken at once.

WILLIAM BLACKBEARD.

Los Angeles, Calif.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Why don't we just nominate the Governor of New York—whoever he is—and go home?"

EXIT MR. PILTDOWN

A VISIT TO THE anthropological room of the Museum of Natural History the other day presented an opportunity for a bit of speculation. In one of the exhibit cases was a group of plaster heads depicting the various stages in the descent of Man. In the upper-left corner of the case a relatively dust-free area suggested that one of the heads had recently been removed. This suspicion was reinforced by the fact that a certain part of the printed explanation alongside had been masked out with tape.

A phone call to the museum confirmed a personal belief that the missing head was that of Piltdown Man. With a rueful chuckle the voice at the other end explained that all references to the no longer mysterious Piltdown Man had been quietly and carefully disposed of!

JOSEPH SHAW.

New York, N. Y.

POETRY AND VIOLINS

IN "EVERYBODY WRITES (Bad) Poetry," (*SR* May 5) John Ciardi wrote, "Ask John Doe whether or not he can play the violin and he would not dream of answering, 'I don't know. I've never tried.' But ask him if he can write a poem and it will be a rare and saintly John Doe to whom it occurs that the poem requires at least as much technical devotion and at least as many years of practice as does the violin."

In Alexandra Tolstoy's "Tolstoy" we read: "Father often said that in order to write well one must *learn* how to write. He was indignant when he heard something like this: 'Have you written anything?' 'No, I've never tried yet.' He used to say: 'How absurd it would sound if to the question 'Do you play the violin?' you received the answer: 'No, I haven't tried'."

This must be a traditional saying, for it wasn't new with Tolstoy either.

CAROLYN WILSON.

Peoria, Ill.

WRITERS ARE HUMAN

FAULKNER'S REMARKS were irresponsible, and so was *SR*'s recommendation of them. (July 7.) Perhaps he meant them as some kind of helpful hyperbole, but the idea that a writer may beg, borrow, or steal in order to live while he writes could make a heap of trouble if literally followed. It's true that Balzac's great industry was primarily prompted by the desire to keep clear of debtor's prison, and that plenty of modern writers produce in order to pay their alimony, but I'm sure most of us write better for being free of worries about imprisonment.

There is also the ghastly possibility that a man may neglect his important (though routine) social responsibilities *and still not* produce any "Ode on a Grecian Urn." Keats himself did his manful best, nursing a dying brother and at least partly dying for love—as well as developing his art. This would seem to be the best model.

MARGERY MANSFIELD.

Monterey, Mass.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

High Society?

MGM HAS corralled some impressive and expensive "talent" for its new musical "High Society," and after seeing it I am led to the conclusion that talent is not enough. Not in this case, anyway, even though the beautiful and royal Grace Kelly is in the cast, even though that actor, singer, and tycoon Bing Crosby appears as his usual casual self, and even though Frank Sinatra has once more graciously consented to perform in a movie. To buttress these popular people Louis Armstrong and Celeste Holm were hired, and no less a songwriter than Cole Porter was engaged to provide tunes and lyrics. I should mention, also, that "High Society" has been based on a Philip Barry play. Even though the credits omit the title of that play it will be easily recognized as "The Philadelphia Story." It is apparent, too, that the movie version of the play is the one drawn upon.

As practically everyone knows, "The Philadelphia Story" took place in the suburbs of Philadelphia, and part of its charm was an ever so gentle kidding of Main Line ways. This was true of both play and movie, and the movie, of course, was one of the best of its era and type. MGM seems to have cagily assessed the appeal of the original material as due to its being about "society." What matters the background? So "High Society" takes place in Newport, Rhode Island, and the cogent reason for the switch, I would guess, is that jazz festivals take place there, thus providing a modus of entry into the story for Louis Armstrong—who shows up for a couple of spirited musical numbers. But, to deliver the sad news as quickly and painlessly as possible, "High Society" is a dispirited rehash of the earlier movie, with practically all its charm gone and with its cast seemingly aware of the fact. The principals perform, most of the time, with a kind of glum cheeriness, if that makes any sense.

Her Serene Highness, in particular, seemed preoccupied, as though her mind might have been on outside matters, the while she strove to equal her predecessor in the role, Katharine Hepburn. But Miss Hepburn is matchless in that kind of thing, so let's not bother with a comparison. "High Society" being a musical version of the story naturally has a score. Cole Porter's nine songs are of uneven quality, with two or three first-rate ones and the rest ranging from mediocre to dull. There is one delightful duet, however, when Sinatra and Crosby get together for five minutes or so and show solid professionalism in their handling of "What a Swell Party This Is." If the rest of the movie were up to that level. . . . But it isn't. Most of the songs seem stuck in, as though somebody had said: "Now right about here we ought to have some kind of song." The story grinds to a slow stop, the song gets sung, and back to that story.

It would be interesting to imagine Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, and Jimmy Stewart attending a screening of this movie. I can see them shifting in their seats, glancing at one another, and then finally grinning with a bit of sly, malicious triumph. "We really made that one to last," one of them might say. And they did. Their movie keeps haunting this one, and maybe that's the cause of the pall that hangs over it. —HOLLIS ALPERT.

Bing Crosby and Grace Kelly—"with a kind of glum cheeriness."

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Showplace of the Nation
Rockefeller Center

BING CROSBY
GRACE KELLY
FRANK SINATRA
in
"HIGH SOCIETY"
co-starring
CELESTE HOLM
JOHN LUND
LOUIS CALHERN
SIDNEY BLACKMER
LOUIS ARMSTRONG and his band
Music and Lyrics by COLE PORTER
Produced by SOL C. SIEGEL
Directed by CHARLES WALTERS
An M-G-M Picture
in VistaVision and Color

ON THE GREAT STAGE
"MANY WATERS"
Produced by Leonidoff, with the Rockettes, Corps de Ballet, Choral Ensemble . . . Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Raymond Paige.

Save yourself money by ordering English editions direct from England and let the oldest bookshop in the country supply your requirements.

Are you on our mailing lists to receive specialist lists as published? If not, write immediately telling us of your interests.

For your convenience, payment can be made through Barclay's Bank, New York.

BOWES & BOWES LTD.
University, Foreign & General Booksellers
1 & 2 TRINITY STREET,
CAMBRIDGE, ENGLAND

THE PICTURE YOU'VE HEARD ABOUT IS HERE!
"LA STRADA" (THE ROAD)
a TRANS-LUX Release
Trans-Lux 52nd on Lexington
AIR-CONDITIONED • PLAZA 3-2434

THE PHANTOM HORSE
"SOMETHING BEAUTIFUL OUT OF EVERY DAY REALITY." —Sat. Review
IN EASTMAN COLOR
AIR-CONDITIONED
Trans-Lux Normandie
57th St. West of 6th Ave. JU 6-4448

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TV AND RADIO

TV's View of Nature

WALT DISNEY is, no doubt, the chief architect of television's view of nature in the raw. His "Natureland" programs on his ABC-TV "Disneyland" series mold many a moppet mind's first concepts of life in the jungle, desert, veldt, or forest. Fairly regular viewing of the Great Animator's reruns on TV (Mr. Disney gets away with more repeats than any other television producer) have convinced me that behind a virtuous veil of "educational" entertainment there lurks the familiar Hollywood dosage of fang and claw and violent, sudden death. The rattler strikes, the lion leaps, the vulture dives—and ruddy runs the blood from the carcass. It is not so much a false view of brute existence in the kingdom of the subhuman as a highly selective one calculated to appeal to the more atavistic race memories in small human breasts. There is a contagion of terror in TV programming which spreads very rapidly. Thus, on a recent Sunday "Zoo Parade" program the customarily restrained and accurate Dr. Marlin Perkins (Chicago's Lincoln Park Zoo director), the program's host, suffered himself a Disney in his introduction to an "African Safari" show.

The program's main body was a pictorial exposition of management problems in the world-famous Krueger National Park, in the Transvaal, Union of South Africa. Through camera's eye and in interviews with the rangers of the 8,000-acre wild game preserve Dr. Perkins taught us that game and civilization are just not compatible: that the only answer to the preservation of wild life for the future lies in great, national parks like Krueger. The South African park's animals may be hunted and killed if they leave the borders of the preserve. The rangers' task, therefore, is to keep them at home. Forest fires and dry water holes are the rangers' chief enemies. Since the park is a tourist attraction the animals must be protected from the tourists, and the tourists must be able to see them. Consequently, in Krueger automobiles and lions move companionably down roads, side by side, but motorists are never permitted to leave their petrol cages. Dr. Perkins's presentation of the park and its problems was in high naturalist tradition and certainly absorbing. Yet, at the program's beginning the zoo director felt impelled to "capture" his audience with the cliché charge of the hungry lioness on a flutter of helpless impala, and the attendant wheeling of the carrion bird above the rapidly disappearing luncheon menu. This little ritual of survival certainly was not the subject of the program: it gave no true promise of things to come.

"Zoo Parade's" compulsion to "hook 'em" right from the start is understandable. Disney is the tone-maker of TV's animal kingdom; and television people are eternally goaded by their inner creative demons to keep up with and to outrival competitors. The demons are schizoid, however. The theory of "the hook" is that in every American living room at each and every program change the average viewer crouches leeringly, neurotic fingers on the dial, with hanging tongue and gasping breath, waiting—but, oh, so briefly!—for the "feel" of the show which is about to come on the air. Dare the up-flashed image be ever so unpromising, suggestive of dulness, of pure thought, with no impact, emotion, action, murder—then by Zworykin!—the dial is immediately flipped, the channel changed; and the viewer's wolfish eyes ruthlessly rape an alternative candidate for its psychic horizons. To the fiercest opening punch goes the victor's prize —"you've got 'em"—at least through the first commercial.

Examine your TV viewing and you will soon discern how the program producers mean you. On the other hand, the same producers in the same advertising agencies, networks, and package companies will incestuously pleasure themselves with an entirely opposite theory—namely, the American TV viewer, man, child, or woman, is so lazy, so apathetic, so consumption minded, so undiscriminating he will sit for hours before the parading programs without ever once rising to change channels! The hook and the hypnosis—like the lion and the lamb —in TV's fairyland they dwell serenely side by side. In Disney's "Natureland" the show is one long hook. "Zoo Parade" usually assumes that its child viewers (and sometimes parents) are reasonably intelligent, alert, curious, and unhypnotized. "Doc" Perkins need not abjure the hook. No good showman does. Just let him forget Disney; and let the promise fit the fulfilment.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

"When I'm through work I like to take it easy. I just stay home and turn off the television and relax."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MUSIC TO MY EARS

The Karajan Experiment

VIENNA.

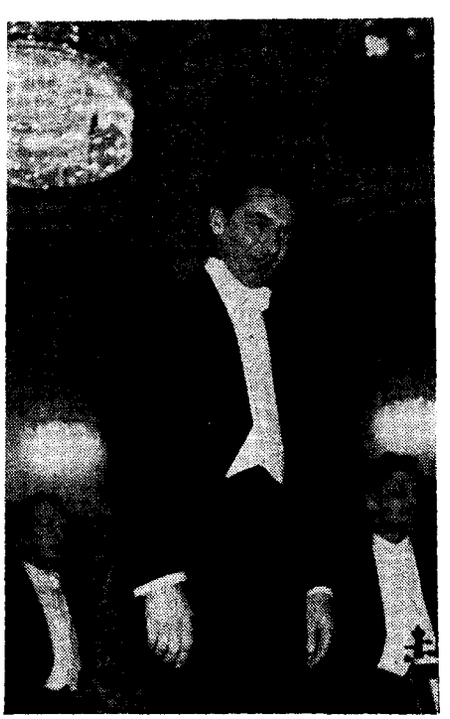
HERBERT VON KARAJAN, the recently appointed new *künstlerischer Leiter* (artistic director) of Vienna's State Opera, now has more power in the contemporary musical world than any other man in our time, with the possible exception of Toscanini. At the age of forty-five the Salzburg-born conductor is virtual dictator of the Vienna Staatsoper (he refuses the traditional title *Direktor* and doesn't want to be bothered with minor administrative detail), has considerable influence on the artistic fortunes of Milan's La Scala, is lifelong musical director and chief conductor of the Berliner Philharmoniker, and he's going to be in charge of next year's Salzburg Festival. It's quite a line-up. How even the strongest of men is able to stand up to the physical demands of such a program is hard to understand, and Karajan looks rather on the frail side. His frailness is deceiving though; he has steely nerves and a strong will, is an excellent skier and pilots his own airplane. He will need all his aeronautical skill to live up to the geomusical necessities of his career.

Karajan is a fine musician with an inborn sense of showmanship who conducts the artists in front of him as well as the audience behind him. He is known to conduct with his eyes closed, as if in deep trance, but he keeps both eyes (and ears) wide open during rehearsals, and he rehearses long and painstakingly. Once he conducted ninety-seven rehearsals for a performance of "Tristan und Isolde."

His performances range from the brilliant to the uneven. At best he has the absolute precision and fanatical drive of a Toscanini; at worst he goes after effect rather than the musical value of a composition. He gave impressive proof of his abilities in Vienna, where he took a second-rate orchestra, the Wiener Symphoniker, and made it sound and play under him like a first-rate one. He has performed similar feats of artistic hypnosis and musical education elsewhere. He may make mistakes but he'll never make a compromise. He has a habit of taking on too much; he likes to conduct *and* to produce opera, which sometimes leads to disaster. He never conducted the Vienna Staatsoper ensemble but gave impressive concert performances here of "Fidelio," "Aida," and "Carmen." As in the case of Toscanini's opera performances, people always came away with the feeling that they'd just heard a completely different work.

Since Gustav Mahler it has been holy tradition in Vienna to have the opera house run by a great conductor, not by an administrative manager. The Staatsoper was always a repertory theatre, never a *stagione*. The sad case of Karl Böhm, the present director, who deserted his newly rebuilt house as soon as he'd conducted the last performances of the opening festival, because he couldn't resist tempting offers to conduct elsewhere, makes many Viennese wonder whether the days of the artistic director may not be numbered. (In Vienna people do wonder about such things; the appointment of a new opera director creates much more excitement than, say, the election of Austria's President.) At the present dearth of first-rate opera conductors, it is argued, none of them will stay in Vienna, or in any one place for that matter, long enough to do the necessary job of education and artistic penetration without which no great opera house can keep its standard.

The appointment of Karajan is probably the last experiment to keep alive the repertory opera theatre



Karajan—"from brilliant to uneven."

under a conductor. Karajan admits that his decision to take the job in Vienna will cost him plenty; he has to turn down fabulous offers from orchestra, opera houses, and recording companies everywhere. He also makes it clear that he considers the appointment the climax of his life.

At the end of the war Richard Strauss wrote a letter to Böhm, who was then director of the (bombed and burned-out) Staatsoper, which contained Strauss's artistic testament. He compared the Staatsoper to a great picture gallery where there should be "a permanent exhibition of the greatest works of the operatic literature in first-rate productions . . . continuous rehearsals with the best available artists and orchestras." Karajan calls Strauss's testament his "artistic religion."

He plans to conduct forty-five evenings during his first season. Unlike Böhm, he takes full responsibility for all performances, even those which he doesn't supervise personally. When asked by the journalists, who are somewhat skeptical after the Böhm affair, exactly how many months he was going to stay in Vienna Karajan countered diplomatically with statistics from the Court Opera's archives showing that Gustav Mahler in 1899 conducted ninety-four performances during the ten-month season but only half as many in the following years. His successors, Franz Schalk, Richard Strauss, Clemens Krauss, rarely conducted more than fifty evenings per season. According to a letter from the *Obersthofmeisteramt*, Mahler was dismissed as director partly because he devoted "too much time to composition and to performing his own works abroad."

One of the great dangers of the contemporary repertory theatre is the dreary mediocrity of dull repeat performances with second-rate conductors and casts, when everything goes wrong and everybody wishes he were elsewhere. (The partisans of the *stagione* point out that the shorter *stagiones*—seasons—always have the same cast and that the standard of performances remains uniform.) Karajan plans to avoid this danger by inviting "the world's leading opera conductors" (he named Böhm, Cluytens, Giulini, Gui, Kempe, Knappertsbusch, Krips, Mitropoulos, Rossi, and Szell) to conduct "at least 200 evenings" each season. He didn't say whether any had signed up yet. He also plans to bring two productions of Milan's Scala (soloists, chorus, scenery) to Vienna, and two Vienna productions to Milan.

The exchange idea sounds excellent. At long last Vienna will hear Italian opera as it should be performed and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Milan will benefit from the excellence of Vienna's Mozart and Strauss productions. During the recent June *Festwochen* I heard on three successive nights performances of "Die Frau ohne Schatten," "Cosi fan tutte," and "Elektra" which were about perfect—singing, acting, orchestral playing, inspired and beautifully conducted by Böhm (whose decision to give up such a magnificent ensemble for the sake of money is harder than ever to understand). Unfortunately, such evenings are as rare as true-blue diamonds. Vienna hasn't heard "Cosi" for over two years. According to the management, it was impossible to get together for a single evening the six members of the cast (Seefried, Ludwig, Loose, Dermota, Kunz, Schöffler). At least one of them was always elsewhere. How Karajan is going to cope with this problem he didn't say. There just aren't enough first-rate singers to fill the great opera stages on earth. Owing to war and postwar pressures the supply is smaller than ever, and at the same time the demands are greater: people even in small towns, used to the high standard of recording and radio network performances, want nothing but the best. There has been a disturbing turnover of prominent singers in the last ten years. Too many are burned out in their forties and even in their thirties. Too much singing, too much travel, nervous exhaustion, and physical strain are blamed, and the great singers of the past, who lasted longer and worked less, are always extolled as paragons of artistic virtue. Caruso, Chaljapine, Melba, *et al.*, didn't have to work so hard; fees of $5,000 for one evening were not unusual, life was less expensive, and reputations were more secure than today.

Karajan doesn't promise blue diamond gems every night of the season. He plans to use the quieter winter months (read: the seasonal months at the Met and other well-paying opera houses), when his stars are elsewhere, for "study and preparation," and hopes to make the latter part of the Vienna season, from April to June, a permanent festival. Administrative routine work will be performed by the general secretary, Dr. Egon Seefehlner, and by Ernst August Schneider, who have steered the house through the difficult months of its present interregnum.

The Karajan experiment in Vienna will settle the question whether opera can still be performed in the grand manner, as a repertory theatre, or whether the turn toward the *stagione* is unavoidable. As befits an experiment, it will be limited in time. Karajan's new contract runs only a year.

—JOSEPH WECHSBERG.

MID-MONTH RECORDINGS

This Month's Mozart—VII

SINCE the last instalment of this musical cliff-hanger (*SR* April 28) the production of Mozart on records has moved into an area defying categorization. Some issues are part of a methodical attention to a worthwhile segment of the literature (such as MGM's issue of the sonatas for organ and orchestra with Richard Elsasser as principal), others (such as Cetra's "Don Giovanni" directed by Max Rudolf) come under the classification of made-work, as two of the principal singers, at least, are ill equipped for their tasks. And the good repute of Glyndebourne will have to offset the effects of a "Figaro" that is no more fun for the listener than it seems to have been for some of the performers.

CONCERTO in B flat, K. 191: two marches (K. 335), six German Dances (K. 509). *The Mozarteum Orchestra conducted by Ernst Märzenderfer, with Rudolf Klepac, bassoon.* Decca DL 9834. $3.98.

An agreeable performance of the delightful concerto which, however, never attains the distinction of past ones by Oubrados or Camden. It compares favorably, however, with other contemporary versions, with more freedom for the solo instrument than in Toscanini's with Sharrow. The marches and dances are turned out efficiently (as in the concerto, the sound is bit muffled) but without refinement of style.

CONCERTOS in D (K. 175) and A (K. 488), also rondo in A (K. 382). *Ingrid Haebler, piano, with the Pro Musica Orchestra of Vienna conducted by Paul Walter.* VOX PL 9830. $4.98.

Two excellent sounding performances by the increasingly able Miss Haebler (now aged twenty-seven) of which the early D major and the rondo fare somewhat better than the better-known A major. Vox, indeed, has a more spirited version by Lili Kraus. The sense of reverie in the slow movement is well conveyed by Miss Haebler.

CONCERTOS in B flat (K. 238) and E flat (K. 449). *Hans Henkemans, piano, with Bernhard Paumgartner conducting the Vienna Symphony.* Epic LC 3226. $3.98.

Neither of these is among the dozen or so concertos of Mozart heard frequently, which is less a reflection on them than on the enterprise of the average pianist. Both abound in freshness of thought and ingenuity of treatment, for which Henkemans and Paumgartner are almost ideally suited. Very professional performance, well reproduced.

CONCERTOS in D (K. 218) and A (K. 219). *Yehudi Menuhin, violin, with the Philharmonia* Orchestra *conducted by John Pritchard.* RCA Victor LM 1961. $3.98.

Two curiously erratic performances varying, on Menuhin's part, from warm sensitivity and lovable sound to heavy accentuations and inexact pitch. The lengthy cadenzas (his own) in the D major do not commend that experience more. Pritchard is more responsive to the heavy accentuations of Menuhin than the warm sensitivity. Good sound.

CONCERTOS in D (K. 218) and A (K. 219). *Mischa Elman, violin, with Josef Krips conducting the New Symphony Orchestra of London.* London LL 1271. $3.98.

Elman is audibly on his best Mozartian behavior here, and the sound is silky from beginning to end. The net effect, however, is more of isolated passages wonderfully played than of a totality conveyed. Krips endeavors to accommodate himself to Elman's inclinations, but the orchestral outcome is a little neutral. Not, in any case, a happy time for Mozart.

DIVERTIMENTI (K. 136, 137, 138). *Pro Arte Chamber Orchestra of Munich conducted by Kurt Redel.* Oiseau Lyre 50072. $4.98.

Vigor and precision are neatly balanced with musical taste in these well-sounding performances of works written by Mozart at sixteen. (See Quartets, below.)

DIVERTIMENTO in D (No. 11, K. 251). *Karl Münchinger conducting the Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra.* London LL 1398. $3.98.

The special interest contributed by Marcel Tabuteau's oboe to the Casals version on Columbia ML 4566 is absent here, but the playing is otherwise excellent in its style. (Those interested in the virtuosity of a great orchestra will find it in Fritz Reiner's direction of the Chicago Symphony on RCA Victor LM 1952). Münchinger

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is decidedly successful with the second side, devoted to minuets and German dances by Schubert.

QUARTETS (K. 80, K. 136, K. 137, and K. 138). *Barylli Quartet.* Westminster WN 18150. $4.98.

As the Köchel numbers attest, three of these are the same works identified above as "Divertimenti" and played by a string ensemble on L'Oiseau Lyre 50072. The works are suited to either procedure, but the expressive content is more personally projected under the leadership of Barylli. The reproduction is first class.

SERENADE in D (No. 7, K. 250, "Haffner"). *Robert Scholz conducting the American Chamber Orchestra.* Westminster SWN 18164. $3.98. *Møgens Wöldike conducting the Vienna State Opera Orchestra.* Vanguard VRS 483. $4.98.

Both versions are carefully prepared with Wøldike including an introductory march bearing Köchel No. 249. His is also superior in musical detail, such as the excellent playing by Philipp Mattheis of the solo violin part. Both, however, lack the kind of creative imagination from the conductor to give the music its full flavor. They are about equal in sound values, which is to say that both are excellent.

SONATAS. *Richard Elsasser, organ, with Arthur Winograd conducting the Hamburg Chamber Orchestra.* MGM E3363-4. $7.96.

Specialists will undoubtedly applaud MGM for undertaking the recording of the full set of seventeen works written by Mozart between 1767 and 1780 for performance by organ and instrumental (with three exceptions, the scoring is exclusively for strings). However, the average music-lover will find his interests best served by the eight works included on the second of the two discs. The first nine show him at ages eleven (K. 67, 68 and 69), sixteen (K. 144, 145), nineteen (K. 212), and twenty (K. 224, 225, 241). The second group attains real distinction in the work of 1776 utilizing trumpets with the strings (K. 263) and in the final four C major works (K. 278, 328, 329, and 336 of 1779-80) one utilizing oboes, trumpets, and tympani, and another adding horns to the foregoing. Elsasser does his work with musical intelligence, and Winograd is an able collaborator. The sound on disc one is a little spread out and overspacious for good balance: this is improved in the second group.

SYMPHONY No. 29 in A, German Dances (K. 509, K. 571). *Joseph Keilberth conducting the Bamberg Symphony Orchestra.* Oiseau Lyre 50005. $4.98.

SYMPHONY No. 29 in A, Concerto No. 23 in A. *Bernard Paumgartner conducting the Serenade-Orchestra of the Salzburg Festival, with Germaine Thyssens-Valentin, piano.* London DTL 93057. $4.98.

SYMPHONY No. 29 in A, Symphony No. 41 in C. *Otto Klemperer conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra.* Angel 35209. $4.98.

Once a rarity in the record lists, the A major symphony is now almost as well favored as the Schubert "Unfinished"—which is not to say that the average recording contains more Mozart than the average "Unfinished" does of Schubert. Of the three presently noted the Keilberth is heavy and without momentum: the Paumgartner sensitive to the special values of this score, and the Klemperer the most adept, though a little grim about the whole thing. In no case do they challenge the best standards of Beecham and Casals in this symphony. Of the second sides there is the most interest in the A major concerto as played by Thyssens-Valentin, the taste and fluency of her piano-playing shining through a mist of poorish sound.

SYMPHONY No. 34 in C. *Igor Markevitch conducting the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra.* Decca DL 9810. $3.98.

One of the odder products of this bicentenary year is a four-movement version of this C major symphony which Mozart was content to leave at three. The Minuet included by Markevitch doesn't strike me as harmonious in style or an addition to the musical whole. Otherwise this is an excellent performance, with much animation and sound musicality. The second side offers Schubert's symphony No. 3, done with a little more muscle than finesse. The recording tends to boom a bit in both.

SYMPHONY No. 39 in E flat and Divertimento in B flat (K. 287). *Arturo Toscanini conducting the NBC Symphony Orchestra.* RCA Victor LM 2001. $3.98.

Overstressed, rather nervously energetic performances which disturb rather than enhance the flow of sound. Whatever these considerations, the sound (the symphony dates from a broadcast of 1948, the "Divertimento" from a studio session not acoustically favorable) is inferior by today's standards in this transparent literature.

"DON GIOVANNI." *Giuseppe Taddei, Italo Tajo, Cesare Valetti, Maria Curtis Verna, Carla Gavazzi, and Elda Ribetti, with Max Rudolf conducting the orchestra and chorus of Radiotelevisione Italiana, Turin.* Cetra C 1253. $14.95.

Largely speaking the merits of this performance are divided along party lines—the male parties being in all respects superior to the female. Taddei is not a rich-voiced singer, but he projects an admirable characterization of the Don, while Tajo, again in good voice, is a much more disciplined singer as Leporello than when he was last being heard at the Metropolitan. Valetti's qualities as Ottavio are, of course, well known. Of the women Ribetti's Zerlina is reasonably acceptable, the Donna Anna of Curtis and the Elvira of Gavazzi both too crude in vocal discipline and too rough in musical detail for even that minimum standard. To go with this Rudolf provides a sometimes fine-grained orchestral background, though I still find his pace for the 6/8 portion of "La ci darem" ridiculously slow.

For the most part the musical text is honestly delivered, though more dramatic accent would be welcome in the later portions of the opera. The engineering is good for the closeup dialogue, but spread out and unfocused in the ensembles and solo airs. Altogether it is the least successful of the "Don Giovannis" issued in recent months.

"LE NOZZE DI FIGARO." *Sesto Bruscantini, Sena Jurinac, Rïse Stevens, Graziella Sciutti, Franco Calabrese and Hugues Cuenod, with Vittorio Giu conducting the Glyndebourne Orchestra and chorus.* RCA Victor LM 6401. $15.98.

As an augury of quality the Glyndebourne attribution has rarely meant less than in this instance. There is a characteristic attention to detail and aspiration to tight ensemble in the presentation, but Gui's tempi lack the sparkle or brio of these provided by Kleiber in his outstanding effort for London, and the cast is ill balanced. Jurinac's Countess and the Susanna of Sciutti have much to commend them, but Stevens is hard put now to provide the kind of vocal quality wanted for Cherubino. Bruscantini has a vivacious quality for Figaro but not the distinction of vocal style, while the voice of Calabrese is heavy for the Count. In consequence there are constant fluctuations of quality, depending on who is performing with whom. The engineering is also uneven and at no time up to the London standard in brightness or splendor.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jazz Reports: Miscellaneous LPs

PERFORMER, CONTENTS, DATA	REPORT
The Jazz Workshop: Manny Albam. Victor LPM 1211, $3.98.	A showcase for the arranging-composing talents of Manny Albam. On hand are three slightly different octets (two trumpets, trombone, tenor, alto, and three rhythm), including such as N. Travis, J. Nottingham, J. Newman, B. Brookmeyer, U. Green, A. Cohn, and O. Johnson. Albam has contributed six originals and arranged the six standards. The result is the sort of deceptive miniaturistic jazz—a small group swollen with the sounds of a big one—that has emerged from the Evans-Mulligan-Davis 1949 sides. Albam has, too, a sense of humor ("Royal Garden Blues," "Swinging on a Star"), as well as a fine esprit de swing. The solos are consistently good, with Brookmeyer and Green outstanding.
The Teddy Charles Tentet. Atlantic 1229, $3.85.	For better or worse, this is an important jazz record. Charles, a composer-arranger-vibraphonist, has done a good bit in the past five years toward shoving the structural and harmonic boundaries of a jazz outward. Here he has assembled A. Farmer, G. Gryce, J. R. Monterose, G. Barrow or S. Schlinger, Don Butterfield, J. Raney, Mal Waldron, T. Kotick, and Joe Harris. The five originals are by Charles (2), J. Guiffre, G. Russell, and Waldron, and the two standards have been arranged by Charles and Gil Evans. The biggest deviations here are harmonic; there is limited solo space (Charles has taken too much of what there is); and at first hearing there is a lot of fancy-dandy dissonance and constructional clutter to wrestle with before the generally organic forms present begin to take shape. The group functions like a clock, and if there is occasional pretension and non-jazz, it is because all experiments must by nature be somewhat self-conscious and exaggerated. Recommended.
Masterpieces by Ellington. Columbia CL 825, $3.98.	"Mood Indigo," "Sophisticated Lady," "The Tattooed Lady," and "Solitude" in extended performances set down in late 1950 when the Duke still had L. Brown, S. Greer, Hal Baker, T. Glenn, and J. Hodges. Baker, Carney (who is omitted from the personnel listings), and Glenn are the best soloists. The harmonic interludes for the whole band, piano transitions, and tempo changes that have been installed to build big structures out of small tunes seem a little puffy. Yvonne sings, for naught, on two.
"Fatha" Plays "Fats." Fantasy 3-217, $3.98.	A rather disappointing return to records for Earl Hines as a solo pianist. A busy rhythm section and written passages leave no room for the two-fisted broken rhythms, granitic chords, and crazy scales that Hines first created to make Bud Powell possible. Twelve standards, seven by Waller and the rest Waller-associated.
Jutta Hipp. Blue Note 1515, $4.98.	Miss Hipp is a thirty-one-year-old German-born pianist who settled here last fall. This was made one night recently at the Hickory House in New York. Peter Ind and Ed Thigpen are her accompanists. Like most modern pianists, Miss Hipp, whose style still shows a marked Tristano-Powell-Silver influence, pays little attention to touch or dynamics. There are moments here, however (her first solo chorus on "Billie's Bounce" and much of "Dear Old Stockholm") when she reveals an intense and completely persuasive imagination. Ten standards.
The Jazz Skyline: Milt Jackson. Savoy MG 12070, $4.95.	Another ramble around Hackensack. This time Jackson, Lucky Thompson, Hank Jones, Wendell Marshall, and Kenny Clarke are on hand. Clarke, Marshall, and Jones are developing one of the great jazz rhythm sections; they have much of the lift of the old Basie section and, in addition, are tighter, steadier, and perhaps even more sensitive. Thompson and Jackson are in wonderful form. Six standards. A superior record.
Jonah Jones at the Embers. Groove LG-1001, $3.98.	Jones, one of the finest of the mainstream trumpeters, is muted throughout; his accompaniment (piano, bass, drums) is third-rate; and the general approach was, apparently, to make sassiety music. A silly record. Eleven standards.
Detroit-New York Junction: Thad Jones. Blue Note 1513, $4.98.	Thad Jones (no relation to Jonah), the Detroit trumpeter now with Basie, is rapidly moving into the ranks of Eldridge, Davis, and Gillespie. His style—a kind of Navarro-Davis extension—is brassy but controlled, his technique admirable, his sense of construction and nuance delightful. In fact, his work has a power and texture about it that leave an almost palpable residue in one's mind. B. Mitchell, K. Burrell, T. Flanagan, O. Pettiford, and S. Wilson are also present. Two standards and three originals.
The Modern Art of Jazz, Vol. 2: Featuring Mat Mathews. Dawn DLP-1104, $3.85.	A thoughtful and charming album. Mathews, a Dutch-born accordionist of great competence, has assembled O. Pettiford, K. Clarke, D. Katz, J. Puma, A. Farmer, G. Gryce, J. Watkins, and H. Mann and they play in seven different combinations, varying from cello-accordion to alto flute-accordion-guitar-bass-drums. If the overall timbres are rather amber, there is always enough inventiveness (Farmer, Mathews, and Pettiford, in particular) on hand to make up for it. Five originals and five standards. Recommended.
Session at Midnight: Jazz Reunion at Melrose. Capitol T 707, $3.98.	An informal get-together held by twelve swing-oriented musicians one night last December in Los Angeles. On hand are such as Murray McEachern, Harry Edison, Benny Carter, Jimmy Rowles, and Willie Smith. There are six standards, loose, modernish head arrangements, and an easy push-me-pull-you feel through it all. Best moments: Edison, Carter (on trumpet), Rowles, and McEachern.
Lights Out!: The Jackie McLean Quintet. Prestige LP 7035, $4.98.	McLean, a young Bird-strained alto saxophonist, with Donald Byrd, Elmo Hope, D. Watkins, and A. Taylor. There is a very long slow blues, "Lights Out," which proves again—despite its decorative guttiness—that a good many of the younger jazz musicians don't know what to do with themselves on slow tempos: lyricism fails, they fidget, explode, and blare, they jiggle. Six standards.
The Modern Jazz Sextet. Norgran MG N-1076, $3.98.	A welcome session that features D. Gillespie, S. Stitt, John Lewis, Percy Heath, S. Best, and C. Persip. Gillespie is brusque and tender, Stitt tough and facile, and Lewis, as usual, bewitching both as a soloist and accompanist. Compare the slow blues here, dedicated to Bird, with that on "Lights Out." Five standards (three are solo ballads) and two originals.
Mr. Piano Man: The Music of Joe Sullivan. Down Home Records MG D-2, $3.98.	This is solo jazz piano in the grand tradition—plenty of tremolo, fearless, plump left-hand chords, stride rhythms, diminuendo and crescendo—and Sullivan expounds it as manfully as he ever has on records. Six standards and four Sullivan originals. Essential. —W. B.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Boomlet Chez Hamlet

—*Danish National Travel Office.*

They're changing the guard at Copenhagen Palace.

COPENHAGEN.

THE SUMMER has been marked here, if not by searing sun, at least by the most prosperous tourist season ever experienced, and concurrently by the most ambitious hotel program being undertaken anywhere in Europe. Indeed, it is virtually the only hotel program of consequence now underway on the Continent or in the British Isles, and the Danes, if no one else in Europe, will be ready not only for the age of the jet, but for the age of three-class air travel, which will be upon us next summer.

Certainly, if I may inject a parenthetical thought for the moment, there is nothing promising stirring in Europe's most crowded centers, Amsterdam and London. If you listen to the Dutch tourist officials they will tell you that severe Government restrictions make it completely unappealing for private capital to invest in hotels. Hilton, who had evidenced some interest in Amsterdam, chose a site occupied by the local jail, a house of incarceration now so overcrowded that convicted criminals, so it is said, must wait at home until there is room for them to serve time.

NEEDLESS to say, a seller's market soon produces shoddy goods and an indifferent air, and some of Holland's best hotels are currently functioning at a level that would horrify the keeper of a Bulgarian *gästhaus.* Nor does the approach of the jet age with its high-density airplanes seem to have had a visible effect on the French, who are sitting tight with the hotels they have—the newest was built twenty years ago—and raising their already kite-high prices.

A few weeks back Marcel Bourseau, president of the Union Nationale de l'Hotellerie Française, told Robert Sage, travel editor of the Paris edition of *The New York Herald Tribune,* that the jet age will only accentuate the American tendency to go to more places and stay a shorter time in each. Therefore, reasoned M. Bourseau, in what must be construed as a classic piece of Gallic logic, if twice as many Americans come to Europe and stay only half as long as they do now what change can there be in the current hotel situation? In support he also cited the case of a European city which in adding a new hotel had cut the occupancy figure of the old hotel in half.

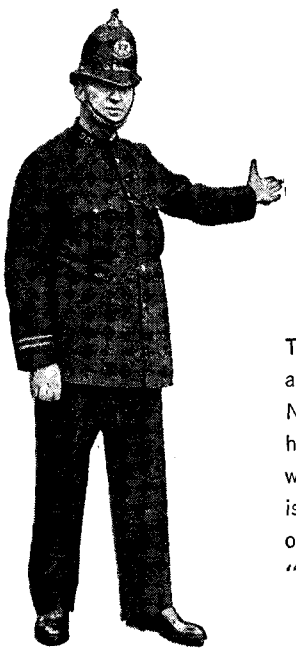
I must say this does not appear to be the reasoning here in Copenhagen, where up until now tourism has been growing 15 per cent year by year without a commensurate growth in hotel space. The trick, of course, has been to extend the limits of the season, a neat one considering the northern latitudes in which Denmark flourishes. Now, however, the program is in high gear. Ready this summer is the new Mercur, which, though its name is lost on me, will offer 220 beds in a midtown setting. Next year the Danes will add another 450 units to their ingenious program of using students' dormitories as summer tourist hotels.

By 1958 there will be a giant 350-bed, as yet unnamed hotel in midtown Copenhagen, and the same year should see the completion of a twenty-two-story, 400-bed extravaganza a few blocks from the city-hall square which is being erected by Scandinavian Airlines.

Nor is the Danish boom limited to Copenhagen. The Prince Hamlet at Elsinore has already opened with 180 beds, a new hotel is due in Frederiksberg in 1959, and the Grand Hotel in Odense, that delightful village which was the birthplace of Hans Christian Andersen, has grown so prosperous from Denmark's Fairy Tale Tours that it is adding an annex of 180 beds.

While the number of American tourists is increasing here faster than any other nationality, the Danes state firmly that they do not wish to Americanize their country. Mogens Lichtenberg, Denmark's departing director of tourism, who is in large part responsible for the birth of tourism in his country said recently, "We are not interested in Hilton hotels in Copenhagen." Hilton customarily builds with local capital, then takes over the management of the house. The Danes, says Lichtenberg, would prefer Hilton to build the hotel with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"TURAS MAITH DUIT"

with NCB

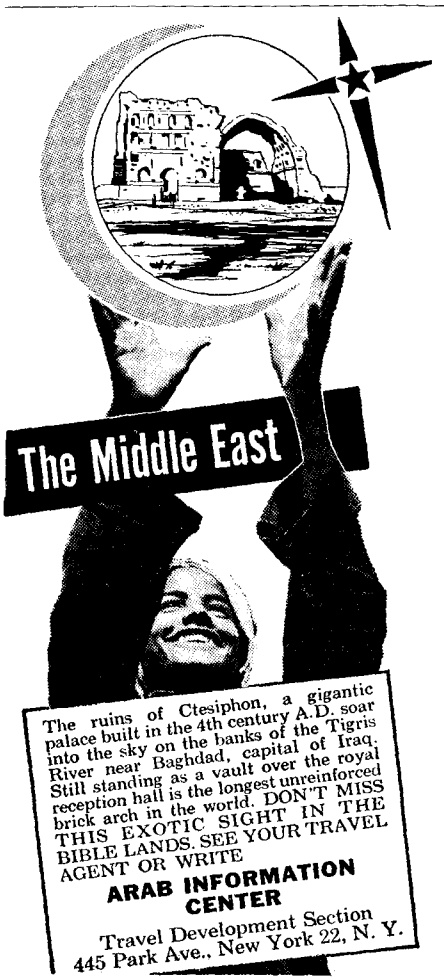
TRAVELERS CHECKS

That's the Gaelic way of saying "Good trip," and a good trip it is with safe, spendable First National City Bank Travelers Checks. These handy checks are accepted like cash everywhere. But unlike risky loose cash, their value is fully refunded if lost or stolen. Famous for over half a century, they're known as the "Traveler's Friend".

Buy them at your bank.

FIRST NATIONAL CITY BANK TRAVELERS CHECKS

Backed by
The First National City Bank of New York
Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation



The ruins of Ctesiphon, a gigantic palace built in the 4th century A.D. soar into the sky on the banks of the Tigris River near Baghdad, capital of Iraq. Still standing as a vault over the royal reception hall is the longest unreinforced brick arch in the world. DON'T MISS THIS EXOTIC SIGHT IN THE BIBLE LANDS. SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR WRITE

ARAB INFORMATION CENTER

Travel Development Section
445 Park Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

Freighter Voyages

TRAVEL THE COMFORTABLE LEISURELY W. Y. BE ONE OF AN INTIMATE SHIPS COMPANY ON A VOYAGE OF ADVENTURE AND ROMANCE VISIT JAPAN, MANILA, HONG KONG, SEE RIO DE JANEIRO, MONTEVIDEO AND BUENOS AIRES. SPOTLESS CHEERFUL NORWEGIAN SHIPS. LUXURIOUS CABINS WITH PRIVATE BATH OR SHOWERS. TASTEFUL MEALS - SMORGASBORD. COURTEOUS ENGLISH SPEAKING OFFICERS AND STEWARDESSES FOR REAL SATISFACTION NOTHING EQUALS FREIGHTER TRAVEL. ENJOY THE BEST.
ASK YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR WRITE

IVARAN Lines

STOCKARD STEAMSHIP CORPORATION General Agents
17 BATTERY PLACE NEW YORK 4, N. Y.

HOLIDAY in Europe

EUROPE IN THE FALL

Enjoy yourself in Europe when the summer crowds have disappeared & Europeans have returned to their homes. We have either escorted fall programs from 23 days for $977.00 to 49 days for $1535.00 including FIRST CLASS HOTELS IN EUROPE, or, independent tours personalized to suit your own requirements. Our travel counselors are all experts and "Have Been There." Let us help you find the plan suited to give you UTMOST ENJOYMENT.

Book now for choice space in 1957.

Write or Phone for Booklet "SR"

EMBASSY TOURS

1472 Broadway (42 ST.), N. Y. 36, N. Y.
Tel: OXford 5-2121

his capital and then let them run it Danish style. "Above all," says he, "we want to maintain the Danish kitchen."

There seems little doubt that the Danish kitchen will disappear in spite of a rash of American-inspired goods that are now available in Denmark inspired either by the presence of tourists or by the incumbent Danish interest in things American. It is certainly fascinating to note that of the four million books and magazines sold in Denmark a half million are in English. Twenty-five years ago that figure was 50,000.

It is quite true that stockings are advertised as "Den Amerikanske Strømpe." Signs in the markets advertise "Corn Flakes." And Tivoli Gardens offers "candy floss," "popcorn," and "soft is," a type of ice cream. Moreover, children playing "London Bridge Is Falling Down" were doing it the other day, but the lyric they sang went, "We're going to America, oh, ya, tra-la-la."

On the other hand, the presence here of more Americans than ever before has brought a canopy to a place called Simpson's emblazoned with "Hot Dogs." A. C. Bang lets it be known in English billboards that he is mink furrier to the Royal Court. And a saloon known as the Dixi Bar (Copenhagen has a Buldog Cafe as well) offers a skyline of New York complete with blinking lights, shutters painted in stars and stripes, and a juke-box dispensing "Hawaiian War Chant," "The Reindeer Boogie," "Skiddle dee Boo," and other madrigals of old Denmark.

Lately the Palace Hotel has taken to listing the baseball scores in its lobby, but no hotel has gone more American than the Europa, one of the city's few skyscrapers. The washstands and the toilets are plastered with "sterilized" signs daily, and guests are enjoined to make use of the zippy valet service, which will return a suit in "less than no time"; the newsstand, which will dispatch newspapers to your room; and the rooftop restaurant, which in a welter of well-meant syntax is described as being "completely on the level." Not all of these accoutrements function with quite the zest of the booklet which describes them, for it still takes a little coaxing to send a suit out for pressing after nine A.M., and newspapers ordered by phone from the kiosk frequently end up in one's mailbox instead of one's room. But the Europa is a pleasant enough place, and one which, I suspect to Mr. Lichtenberg's complete approbation, has not forsaken the Danish kitchen.

A menu placed in each room offers about a hundred sandwiches which, in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

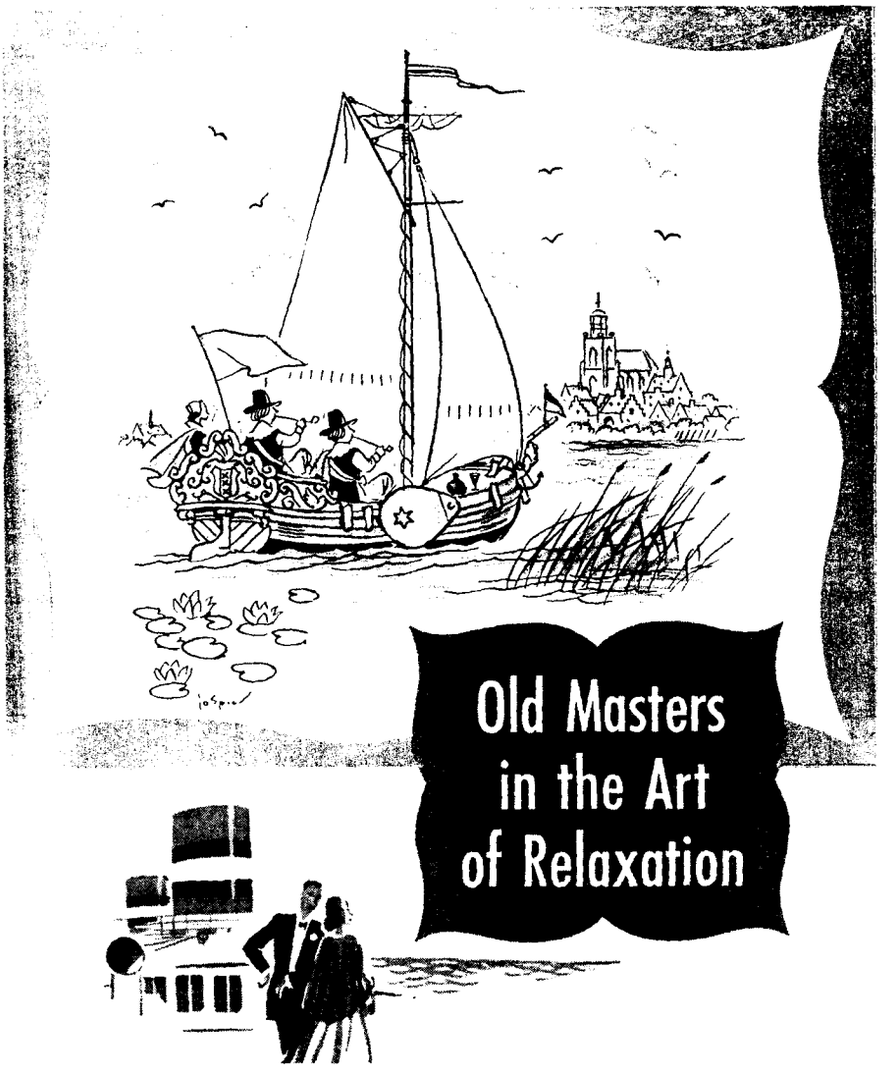
addition to the usual assorted herrings, also includes pickled ox tongue with Italian salad, mayonnaise, and asparagus, roast duck with red cabbage; and boiled breast of beef with pickles. There are special sandwiches for children and these, you might like to know, include brown-sugar sandwiches, slice-of-chocolate sandwiches, and banana sandwiches. The Danes, God love them, will make a sandwich out of anything, and I am awaiting the day when they put a piece of bread on a piece of bread and call it a bread sandwich. Don't laugh. The other night when the larder ran low at a party here the hostess sent in a tray of cold sliced-potato sandwiches. They were indeed much admired by the Danes, who hold them in high favor. —HORACE SUTTON.

Traveler's Tales

EATING ABROAD: A guide to **"Dining Out in Any Language"** (nine, to be specific), which removes the mystery from more than 3,000 dishes and gives cues to foreign dining customs, has been compiled by food expert Myra Waldo in cooperation with Pan American World Airways and can be had in a clothbound, hard-cover edition (Crown Publishers, $1) or a pocket-size paperback edition (Bantam, 35¢).

The hungry English-speaking tourist in Denmark can now order *fyldt hvidkaal* with the sure knowledge that he'll be brought stuffed cabbage. This new translator successfully takes the guessing out of foreign menus but, unhappily, Miss Waldo neglected to include any keys to pronunciation, the diner will still occasionally have to resort to pointing. Otherwise, in Rome he may order peaches (*pesche*) and find himself confronted with fish (*pesce*). However, the monolingual American can now face with confidence menus in France, Italy, Germany, Spain, Portugal, Denmark, Holland, Norway, and Sweden.

COOKING AT HOME: Myra Waldo and Pan American also collaborated, a couple of years ago, on a **"Round the World Cookbook"** which tempts the homebound to turn their kitchens into international cuisines. First published by Doubleday at $4.95, it too has been made available in a Bantam (abridged) paperback at 35¢. It has recipes from eighty-four lands, and some of them turn out to be fairly quick and easy. All of them are exciting, and the ingredients required are, amazingly enough, available at most neighborhood stores. All weights and measures are given in American terms.
—JOYCE JENKINS.



Travellers who relish the very good life will find the Dutch are gifted providers.

Nor is this anywhere more enjoyably apparent than aboard Holland-America ships. For it is here you find a genuine definition of the pleasure of ocean travel.

It goes beyond the enjoyment of sumptuous surroundings, of matchless service, or of lavish Continental cuisine.

It particularly includes a sense of relaxed well-being, inspired by men who are seafarers by tradition—good hosts by nature.

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT

Holland-America Line

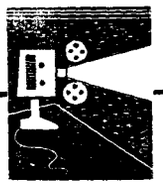
29 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 6, N.Y. OFFICES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

Frequent sailings to
IRELAND, ENGLAND, FRANCE
and HOLLAND for ALL EUROPE
Choose the luxurious flagship
NIEUW AMSTERDAM
The twin thriftliners
RYNDAM and MAASDAM
The one-class motortwins
WESTERDAM and NOORDAM
Superb CRUISE PROGRAM in all seasons

The NIEUW AMSTERDAM,
RYNDAM and MAASDAM
call regularly at Le Havre
for **PARIS**
and all France

"IT'S GOOD TO BE
ON A WELL-RUN SHIP!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



IDEAS ON FILM

Free Films Round-Up

ALTHOUGH the business of producing films for advertising and public relations is not as old as the hills, in a relatively short time it has managed to make a pretty bad name for itself. The irony of it is that most producing companies and most sponsors realize this fact and honestly want to make better (or at least "different") films.

The fact that the majority of the business-sponsored films today are eminently forgettable is not alone the fault of the sponsor. More than one film-maker realizes his own responsibility in this matter. One Midwest producer recently put it this way: "I do not blame the sponsor for the abundance of mundane films which are produced every year, but rather the producer, who through a period of years has educated the industrialist and the film buyer to doing things the same way every time."

Below are reviews of some recent business-sponsored productions that try very hard to leave an impression. In some cases the film-maker has worked earnestly to give the film a style of its own. In others he has injected the hypodermic of fantasy, clever animation, beautiful scenery, comedy, or hammered-home pathos—into films which are otherwise disorganized and banal. In an effort to escape the stereotypes he sometimes has merely broken them into little pieces and rearranged them backwards or sideways. At times he has pushed the stereotype to its furthest illogical conclusion, hoping in that way to discover an escape.

All these films are trying to win and hold the attention of vast and restless audiences which are essentially unaware of or uninterested in whatever the film is about. The job of winning these audiences isn't exactly the same as winning a war—and yet Churchill's recipe of blood, sweat, and tears is probably as accurate a description of how a good film is made as any that can be stated in so few words.

PRODUCTION 5118 (30 min., color). The film's title derives (we are told) from the fact that no one could think of a better one. Already this is a mark of distinction. Generally when producers can't think of an appropriate title for a film they would die before admitting it. "Production 5118" is unusual in more ways than this one. Its subject is a particularly difficult one—the nature of communication in general and the problems of interoffice communication in particular. The film's peculiar, disjointed form stems from the fact that reality is never revealed to us consecutively, wholly, or clearly. The philosophy is complex for a film to demonstrate; for effort the producers and sponsors are certainly to be commended. But their methods are not always so praiseworthy.

"I'm confused," says one of the film's characters toward the beginning of the film—and not a moment too soon. For in their effort to show how complicated a simple communication is the producers have rung in a wild conglomeration of comic fantasy, film-within-a-film (which is in fact the essence of the story), and a mystery maxim which hangs over our heads throughout the film and turns out to be excruciatingly inept. Had the producers thought out their subject a little more carefully, and had they presented it more maturely (without benefit of supermen and maxims which are basically out of tune with the film's realistic viewpoint), the film would have had a terrific impact. As it is, the film will make some people wonder, it will make some people giggle, and it will make some people think. It has already intrigued enough viewers to take first place in this year's Golden Reel Film Festival in the category of Economics and Business. It was produced by Wilding Pictures and sponsored by the Champion Paper and Fibre Company. Prints are available for free loan from Modern Talking Picture Service, 45 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.

BRADSHAW'S BILLIONS (26 min., color). To soften the "sell," which is concerned with the usefulness of printed graphic arts in advertising, the film has invented a comic story about a self-made billionaire named George Bradshaw. George is the inventor of George's Fortaset and George-O, the Drink with a Wink. The role of George Bradshaw is played by George O'Hanlon, Warner Brothers' star of the "Joe McDoaks—Behind the Eight-Ball" comedy series. Before you conclude that everything in this film is George let me add that the film does present some good ideas about getting results from printing; but it's hard to know why the whole thing had to be hidden under a veil of fantasy. "Bradshaw's Billions" won second place in this year's Golden Reel Film Festival, in the Industrial Sales and Promotion category. Free-loan prints are available from the Camera Club and School Service, Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester 4, N. Y.

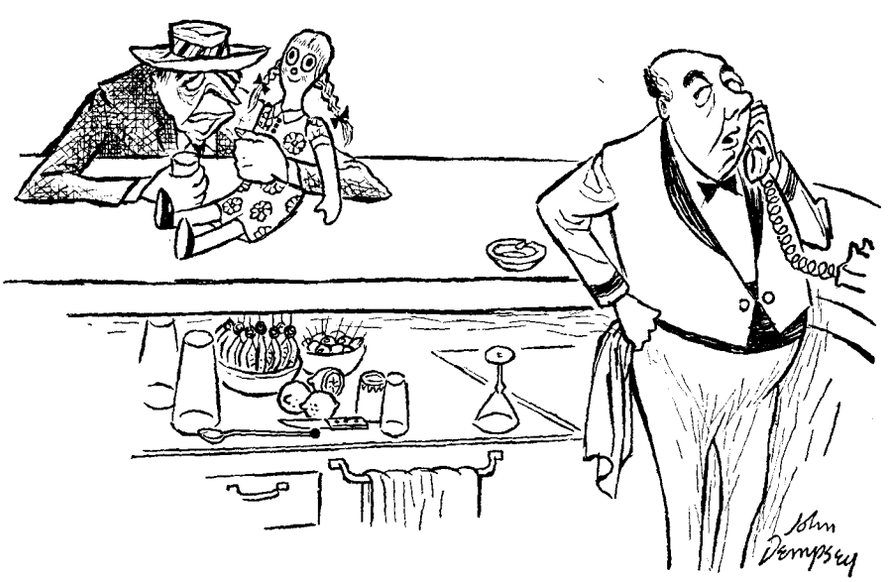
PLAY IT SAFE (26 min., color or b&w). The appearance of the famed sports announcer Red Barber is injected into this film which attempts to direct our attention to the importance of bicycle safety. A man who is supposed to be a high-school gym teacher tells Red how a boy was killed on a bicycle one day, and how a training program was inaugurated at the school. Nothing more favorable can be said of the film than that it does get across the idea that it is a good thing to pay more attention to bicycle safety programs. It is difficult to believe that this is an MPO production, and that it won a Golden Reel Award this year in the Safety category. It was sponsored by Johnson & Johnson, and is available for free loan from Association Films, 347 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

THE EDGE OF SILENCE (33 min., color). This film, about two people who are hard-of-hearing, is convincing to the extent that for days after seeing it I thought I was getting deaf. This was achieved by a skillful repetition of scenes in which a middle-aged man and a young girl are brought full-face before us as we struggle (with them) to catch the meaning of sentences that taper off at the end. Although the incidents are at times too trite for words, it is a fact that I grew to care about those two deaf people. I could even understand that each of them thought it would be better to die than to wear a hearing aid. I could not quite go along with the idea that the two of them would meet on a bridge early one morning, and that one would rescue the other from jumping into the river. "You're just sorry for me," says the girl—and that's about it, as far as I'm concerned. Perhaps this contagion of sympathy was the deciding factor that made the Golden Reel judges give this film top award for Health and Hygiene. "The Edge of Silence," produced by Telefilm Productions for the Zenith Radio Corporation, is distributed for free loan by Ideal Pictures, 65 E. South Water St., Chicago 15, Ill.

AMAZING WHAT COLOR CAN DO (12 min., color). To demonstrate that home decorations can be as colorful as nature, and as lively, the film employs a bag of fanciful tricks—opening with a sequence of Len Lye's original color paintings-on-film, and concluding with an excellent "square dance" of carpet swatches, one of the best out-and-out commercial sequences I've seen in some time. Perspective and space are made part of the magic world of the camera; and while the film fails to recognize its limitations, there is this to be said in its favor: It is imaginative. It moves. It is light and decorative. In this case the fantasy seems entirely appropriate, if boundless. Produced by On-Films, Inc., for James Lees and Sons, the film is available for free distribution from Association Films, 347 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

BEHIND YOUR TELEPHONE BILL (15 min., color). Animation and live-photography are used in combination to inform telephone subscribers about the "message unit," the measuring rod by which you are charged for each call on the basis of its distance and duration. Live photography shows how the records are maintained for these local calls: the in-person operator, the automatic meter, and now the electronic calculator. Attractive animation makes daring use of line and color. A delightful verse narration (a further acknowledgment to the UPA innovations) adds a spark of sophistication. The film is both entertaining and informative; its comedy is good-natured and believable; its message is absolutely clear. The film was produced by John Sutherland for the Bell Telephone System, and is available for free-loan from local Bell Telephone offices and from the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, Motion Picture Section, 195 Broadway, New York 7, N. Y.

THE SPRAY'S THE THING (13 min., color animation). The film's narrator is a bug, speaking



"Yes, he's here . . . sitting at the bar with some doll."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The film was produced by John Sutherland for the Bell Telephone System, and is available for free-loan from local Bell Telephone offices and from the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, Motion Picture Section, 195 Broadway, New York 7, N. Y.

THE SPRAY'S THE THING (13 min., color animation). The film's narrator is a bug, speaking in a buggy voice about all the bugs that have gone to Bug Valhalla since aerosol insecticides were developed. But aerosols are used not only to kill bugs, the bug tells us; they are also used to spray paint, and to dispense shaving cream and hand lotion, and to do many other important jobs. Then back we go to bugs again. Somehow I don't think that the film succeeds in showing us how handy a contraption this self-pressurized package called aerosol really is. There are just too many bugs in it, not enough organization of material, and very little style. Nevertheless, the film won a Golden Reel award this year as the outstanding production in Industrial Sales and Promotion. Produced by John Sutherland for E. I. du Pont de Nemours. Distributed for free loan by Association Films, 347 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

THE WORLD THAT NATURE FORGOT (30 min., color). This is a great-big production about plastics, and about the atoms and molecules which make them. We see, as is to be expected, a considerable amount of footage on the manufacture of plastics in powders, pellets, sheets, and liquids. We see, as an unusual touch, a "molecule ballet" showing in three-dimensional animation how their chemical union takes place. We see a variety of products made from plastics, including a house which is made mainly of plastics. The film is the work of a number of very talented people, perhaps too many people and too many talents for one film. The overall effect is one of largeness rather than fineness. Among those credited for the film are Robert Campbell, writer; Larry Madison, producer-photographer; Lewis Jacobs, director; Westbrook Van Voorhis, narrator; Morris Roizman, editor; Halas & Batchelor, animation creators; and Benjamin Frankel, composer. The film took the Golden Reel award this year in the Industrial Processes category. Produced by MPO Productions for Monsanto Chemical Company; available for free loan from Modern Talking Picture Service, 45 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.

GIANTS IN THE LAND (29 min., color). The film contrasts pioneer days and Paul Bunyan legends with modern times and miracle machines that are literally reshaping the earth. To keep things lively a set of folksy lyrics is injected into the narration—such as, "The piston goes up and compresses the air/'Til it gets so hot it would singe your hair." Words are by Joseph March, and music by Earl Robinson. The film's biggest impact comes from its photographic splendor: impressive shots of road-building machines at work, an aerial view of a mile-long train going in and out of a mountain tunnel. Photography is by Larry Madison and Ricky Leacock. The film won second place in this year's Golden Reel festival in Economics and Business category. It was produced by MPO Productions for General Motors, and is available for free loan from the GM Film Library, General Motors Building, 3044 W. Grand Boulevard, Detroit 2, Mich.

THE MAN WITH A THOUSAND HANDS (33 min., color). More than a general promotion film, this is a documentary record of the excavation and leveling work that was done by big power machines at Kitimat, B. C., in connection with the building of the world's largest power plant for the world's largest aluminum manufacturing center. Animation shows how water is brought from the 150-mile wide manmade reservoir through a ten-mile tunnel hollowed from rock and mountain, to a hydroelectric plant over 2,000 feet below. The man with the machine, we are told, has a thousand hands. The film has a lot to say about machines, but not much about men. Audiences that enjoy the company of power machines will inevitably enjoy this film. It won this year's Golden Reel in the category of Natural Resources. Charles Palmer was writer and producer; Canadian-born Raymond Massey is narrator. The film was produced by Parthenon Pictures for the International Harvester Company, and distributed by the Farm Film Foundation, 1731 "Eye" Street N.W., Washington 6, D.C.

THERE IS A SEASON (27 min.). Here is an example of a daring effort to face a real and important aspect of industrial activities—labor-management relations. You don't have to be an expert to know that twenty or thirty years ago the Ford Motor Company had a particularly poor reputation in employe relations and public service. Times have changed, and the management of this huge manufacturing company has changed with the times. This film attempts to show the passing of old-time "company men" who sincerely believed that every man deserves no more than he gets and gets no more than he deserves. One such man is singled out on the occasion of his retirement from the company, and in contrast a more modern management representative is shown. Juxtaposed to these two men are two union men, poles apart from each other in what they expect of the union and the company.

So far so good, but, except for a rather lifelike representation of the "Battle of the Overpass," the film rarely gets down to the exciting level of reality. And, while it talks quite a bit about the attitude of the men to their work, it does not spend enough time in establishing the relationships between men and machines. If it had the film would have made better use of the talents of its director, Willard Van Dyke, who in other films has shown an impressive affinity for twentieth-century machines and the men who run them. As it stands the film is not likely to go down in history as a valuable document of an era in American labor-management; more nearly it is the record of a rather bold plunge of a public-relations department into the icy waters of controversy, and the quick scrambling to get back to dry land. Produced by Affiliated Film Producers for the Ford Motor Company, the film is available from the Ford Film Library, American Road, Dearborn, Mich.

THE TOWN THAT CAME BACK (28 min., color). This Ford public-service film expresses the current need for community improvement and cooperation, particularly in the numerous small towns that lately appear to be going to seed. With the new consolidated school taking the young people away each day, and with most of them going off to seek their fortunes elsewhere as soon as they finish school, one mother sees the need for action. She sparks the town into rebuilding the old schoolhouse as a 4-H and community center where the town, young and old, can get together to enjoy real community living. The script is based on the true story of one rural community's rejuvenation. It's a toss-up as to whether or not it has enough spark to inspire other people in other towns to get to work with their own ideas for community improvement. The film was directed by Peter Glushanok, and produced by MPO Productions for the Ford Motor Company. Free-loan prints are available from the Ford Film Library, American Road, Dearborn, Mich.

YOUR COMMUNITY (27 min.). One of the most recent activities of the Sears-Roebuck Foundation has been to co-sponsor, with the General Federation of Women's Clubs, a community improvement contest. This film shows seven examples of worthwhile projects that local women's groups have carried out in the past. They include the setting up of a cooperative nursery school in Canton, Ohio; the building of a community swimming pool in Bluefield, W. Va.; the building of branch libraries in Alpine, Texas; an active slum clearance problem in Columbus, Ga., and in Chicago; the construction of a community center in Santa Rosa, Calif., and a courageous campaign against hookworm in Marianna, Fla. Only the Florida episode is treated at length, with dramatized sequences re-enacting some of the steps that were involved among a group of women with little or no medical experience. The other episodes are brief, but their effective selections of shots and narration make them convincing and alive. The film is a real tribute to the serious work of women's clubs all over the country. There is not one patronizing note from beginning to end. But there are some very uncomfortable moments when the Sears-Roebuck Foundation president converses unnaturally with the president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs about the hows and whys of community improvement and the contest they are sponsoring. "Your Community" was written and produced by Herman J. Engle, and supervised by Frank Cellier, head of the Sears-Roebuck motion-picture department. It was directed by Henwar Rodakiewicz and Andrew Costikyan, and is available for free loan from Modern Talking Picture Service, 45 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.

—CECILE STARR.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fact and Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
DAY OF THE RAM *William Campbell Gault* (Random: $2.95)	LA pro footballer fades permanently: Brock Callahan, lineman turned cop, carries ball for heavy yardage.	Regular cops hostile but plausible (same for numerous dames); many bright lines; end is mild letdown.	Fine save as noted.
THE BRAVE BAD GIRLS *Thomas B. Dewey* (S&S: $2.75)	Chi. area op., name of Mac, tries to balk smear plot, but corpse turns up; cops nasty as they come.	Good mayhem scenes, and pace in general lively; personnel largely convincing (but who pays bills?).	Good but involved.
THE MEN IN HER DEATH *Stephen Ransome* (Crime Club: $2.75)	Florida father falls for son's girl friend; other gents uneasy as killer strikes; Sheriff Porter takes over.	Contrived yarn, with abundant talk; family complications all over the place; see-half technique.	Formula job.
221 B *Vincent Starrett, ed.* (Baker St. Irregs., Morristown, N.J.: $5)	Reissue, with new intro., of first US treatise on Sherlockiana; noted authorities among contribs; many pertinent pix.	Basic manual for the dedicated, of whom new crop has recently come up; as good reading as when first appeared.	Age cannot wither.
KISS FOR A KILLER *Bruce Sanders* (Roy: $2.50)	Londoner plots blackmailer's death but is beaten to it; Yarders, not knowing this, have hell of a time.	High-grade hoods perform fancy manhandling; gals abound; millinery a factor; writing sprightly.	Plus mark.
SMALL VENOM *William Mole* (Dodd, Mead: $2.95)	London Hobby-Eye Casson Duker trails blackmailer-murderer all around town; springs trap with police help.	Mind-over-mind technique pays off in this well-paced personality job; cast nicely developed; regular cops good.	Urbane.
UNAPPOINTED ROUNDS *Doris Miles Disney* (Crime Club: $2.75)	Postal Insp. D. Madden hears Conn. widow's blackmail plaint, lends helping hand when murder warrant is issued.	Local cops also good in fast-moving yarn that is excellent post-office documentary; sound all the way.	Real *detective* story.
THE INNOCENT AND WILLING *Morton Cooper* (Gold Medal: 35¢)	Murderer fries in Southern jail after bidding daughter ta-ta; gal has big trouble with ransom dough.	Heroine highly promiscuous; much introspection and flashbackery; pace intermittent.	Too much goes on.

—SERGEANT CUFF.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fiction

Continued from page 18

who had escaped with his fortune would have been regarded as a respectable addition to the community.

HEEL IN THE SHOE BUSINESS: To the lengthening roster of business novels is now added Richard Marsten's **"The Spiked Heel"** (Holt, $3.95), which is not about baseball, but about the ladies' shoe game. "The Spiked Heel" tells what happens when an octopus named Titanic Shoe takes over the smaller firm of Julien Kahn. Raymond Griffin, a slavey in Kahn's Cost Department, views the new regime with misgivings, especially when it abolishes the Cost Department. Actually Titanic isn't *all* bad; it's just that Titanic's hatchet man, hulking Jefferson McQuade, is a sadistic rotter who goes around firing old employes and pinching young ones. "He's twisted, Marge, twisted with this . . . this longing for power," Griffin tells his girl, who was badly pinched. Eventually the villainous McQuade goes too far—he begins to turn out punk shoes—and there are fireworks aplenty at old Julien Kahn. The professional lore with which Mr. Marsten fills his book is of some interest, but "The Spiked Heel" suffers from having too anemic a narrative to carry such a weight of data.

—Martin Levin.

STORM IN AN IRISH TEAPOT: It takes an Irishman to poke fun at the Irish and get away with it. Since it's all in the family Honor Tracy's fellow Gaels may enjoy **"The Straight and Narrow Path"** (Random House, $3.50), in which she spoofs the native religiosity that puts a Sassenach intruder in his place. For while the story churns crazily about certain pious villagers of Patrickstown the edifying and steadying theme is the education of one Andrew Butler. An English anthropologist, logical of thought and direct of speech, Andy pulls all Ireland down over his ears by writing an article in which he mentions the celebration of fertility rites in a Patrickstown convent. The bewildered scholar is sued by Canon Peart, who is not only the nuns' spiritual director but a debt-ridden pastor quite mindful of the financial potentialities of legal threat. To the disconcertment of the Canon and his rascal of a solicitor Andy fights the suit.

Mass lunacy ensues and everyone gets into the act—villagers of assorted mental levels, sharp lawyers from Dublin, and a curate bent on reforming the local harlot. Prominent, too, is daffy Viscount Patrickstown, last of a 400-year dynasty of Alien Usurpers and a most divestible fellow. The divestibility in its less economic aspect begets tales of apparitions, one of which—here the author skirts the sacrilegious—is acclaimed, Ireland-wise, as miraculous. By this time perfidious Albion's scion has not only learned the oblique subtlety of the Irish mind but become a paragon of subtlety himself.

Miss Tracy has as irreverent a wit as iver the divil spawned in the thirty-two counties, and her robust satire can leave you helpless with laughter. But the lady plays rough at times, especially when it comes to the good Canon. It's no fair and she is hereby penalized for clipping.

—Ann F. Wolfe.

GROWN-UP CHILDREN: "The trouble with all of us," says Miriam, the mixed-up heroine of **"The Shadow Boxers"** (Scribner's, $3), "is that we're too old to have parents and too young to be without." Miriam is unusually perceptive about her massive neurosis, though the precise root of it escapes her till the end of Edith Heal's fine novel. "The Shadow Boxers" is a series of revealing vignettes, describing the childlike relationship of two people who are quite unable to come to grips with reality. Miriam Blake, the daughter of a crabbed and bitter Midwest scholar, is in love with her cultivated French spouse; but she is also the victim of a tangled subconscious which makes it difficult for her to assume her wifely role. Pierre Childert, the husband, is an even frailer reed. Small wonder it is that when Miriam and Pierre are in Paris on their honeymoon Miriam winds up in American Hospital with the vapors, and Pierre goes off seeking a single Chanel red carnation ("It must have double petals") to present to his exquisite *maman*, who is still his best girl. These two shadowboxers with life whirl farther apart in their respective off-center orbits until the war and divorce finally put an end to their little charade. Seen through the distorted but hypersensitive vision of

Miriam Blake, the novel moves with a liquidity that gives it a properly fantastic air of unreality.

—M. L.

EXPATRIATES REVISITED: **"The Ides of August,"** a first novel by William Haygood (World, $4.75), is set on the magic isle of Spanish Mallorca, whose shores are gently washed with cheap cognac and whose village gardens are a riot of late-blooming expatriates of the usual variety—the neurotic academician, the lavender-tinted lady poet, the soured newspaperman, etc. When they aren't trying to stave off the ogreish outside world they all engage in talk which alternates between that of the witty, blasé international crowd and that of the hometown, domesticated, diapers-on-the-line set.

It is obvious that Mr. Haygood has been there and inspected the local fauna; but his setting is described only occasionally in terms that are freshly imaginative; and as to the characters, when they emerge from the standard-model plotting machine into which their author feeds them we know no more, but only care rather less, about them than when they were first introduced. They have been endowed with journalistically observed mannerisms, but have little of the density of felt life. In addition, this attempted anatomy of expatriatism is marred by a confused response to the subject matter, and ranges haphazardly from contemptuous caricature (often quite biting) to sober but superficial psychoanalysis. Most often, though, it seems to be the response of a friendly and tolerant, but uncomprehending outsider, who thinks he can take his expatriatism or leave it alone, and who feels only a vague, uneasy pity for those who are caught by the real habit of the thing.

—Jerome Stone.

FATE OVER FLATBUSH: Typically Flatbush, an observer might have said of the Blunden family, of whom Lenard Kaufman writes in his sixth novel, **"The Color of Green"** (Holt, $3.50). Mary: a fine mother and housekeeper, a loyal wife. Tom: a Dodger-rooting Democrat, a retired watchman with a faulty ticker and an appetite for beer. Their daughter Stella: generous, proper, ripe for marriage.

But there was one a typical note in this otherwise harmonious chord of

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1167)

ROBERT HILLYER:
BARCAROLLE

. . . Only the hermit thrush still sings
in the unfathomed depth of cool
greenery fresh from hidden springs
. . . quite alone
is the man amid the summer maze, . . .
beyond the flickering of days.
Into a peace profound as this
the pebble of his heart was cast.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lower-middle-class dulness: Stella's beauty. It had already attracted Harry Williams, a phlegmatic used-car salesman with slightly balding gray hair. Harry was kind. He liked beer and baseball, too. And Stella, attracted by his warmth and accustomed to his habits, was drifting inevitably toward marriage with him.

Then Leon Martin appeared. Handsome, rich, young, Leon showers her with gifts and sweeps her off her feet with talk of travel and life on Fifth Avenue. The Dodgers are forgotten in the dazzle, and how could beer compete with an atmosphere of Balenciaga?

But something happens that turns Prince Charming into a monster of vindictiveness. What it is goes to the heart of Mr. Kaufman's novel. It is not unfair to say, however, that Leon is a kind of Lilliputian Othello, viciously nasty where the Moor was noble in his defectiveness. Mr. Kaufman writes rapidly-paced pedestrian prose, not without genuine dialogic skill and a rising quality of suspense.

—CHARLES LEE.

GHOST ON THE RHINE: "The Far Traveller" (Doubleday, $3), finds Manning Coles again forsaking spies for spooks. Instead of spinning one of those webs of intrigue for which he has become justly noted Mr. Coles indulges in ghostly japery on the order of his recent "Happy Returns." The scene is a castle on the Rhine, a likely place for ectoplasmic mischief, and the moving spirit is the shade of the young Graf von Grauhugel. Accompanied by his valet Bagel, the count (who drowned in 1869) returns to his favorite haunt to conclude some earthly business. *Plötzlich* he finds himself in the midst of a shoestring motion-picture company, which is making a Student Prinz-type musical on location. It would take a pretty stupid specter not to make the most of such a situation, and the ephemeral count is no *Dummkopf*. Before you can say Hieronymus Munchausen he is playing the lead in the picture, practising feats of spritely levitation, and preparing to right an ancestral wrong. Heavy objects hang suspended in mid-air, suits of armor walk alone, and all sorts of shady mummery bug the eyes of the natives. Most of the changes on this sort of situation have already been rung, but "The Far Traveller" does have a few amusing moments before Grauhugel and Bagel rejoin their ancestors.

—M. L

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column 2 should read: 21, 6, 12, 18, 19, 9, 3, 15, 11, 4, 2, 20, 16, 7, 13, 14, 1, 10, 17, 5, 8.

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services; literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; traveling companions; ideas for sale; opinions (limited to 50 lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the character of The Saturday Review. Rates per insertion: 40¢ per word; 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Numbers. Rates for several insertions—52 times 32¢ per word; 26 times 34¢ per word; 13 times 36¢ per word; 6 times 38¢ per word. Full payment must be received eighteen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address: Personals Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45 Street, New York 36, N. Y.

LITERARY SERVICES

REJECTIONS? I diagnose, cure. Top-ranking editor says: ". . . very high opinion of your comments. . ." All literary services. I've SOLD unknowns. SARA CLYNE, 250 W. 57th Street, NYC 19. JUdson 2-1957.

MANUSCRIPTS PROFESSIONALLY TYPED. Tape recordings transcribed. STILLMAN ASSOCIATES, 1394 Third Ave. (at 79th St.), NYC. TRafalgar 9-9177.

TELEVISION WRITERS, expert representation by TV specialist. Terms: Robert Finnell Agency, 507 Fifth Ave., NYC.

WE SELL YOUR MANUSCRIPT! Literary agents 35 years. Constructive criticism, editing. New writers invited. References: ANITA DIAMANT, The Writers' Workshop, Inc., 280 Madison Ave., NYC 16.

MANUSCRIPTS PREPARED PROPERLY. Attractive rates. Qualitytyping, 104 East Main, Gloucester, Mass.

MANUSCRIPTS EDITED, TYPED. Medical experience. Secretarial work. Miriam Thackston, 427 East 85 St., NYC. BUtterfield 8-1068.

STORIES, NOVELS, ARTICLES, BOOKS Marketed. Highly recommended for publication of fiction and nonfiction. Editorially recognized advice, recommendations, editing for revision, sales publication. Unestablished writers assisted. Information available before sending manuscript. LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT, 33 West 42 St., NYC 36.

TWENTY-THREE IMPORTANT SERVICES for all writers. Free information about membership. NATIONAL WRITERS' CLUB, 1817 Gilpin, Denver 18, Colorado.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING: Intelligent, inexpensive. AMBASSADOR OFFICE SERVICE, 17 East 48 St., NYC PLaza 5-1127.

OUR book and booklet production-distribution program features author-ownership, 70% royalties. FREE FOLDER. William-Frederick Press, 313 West 35 St., NYC 1.

COMPLETE LITERARY SERVICES. Write for terms. Daniel Mead, Literary Agent, 419 Fourth Ave., NYC 16. Foreign Office: Via Archimede 97, Rome, Italy.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING SPECIALISTS. Excellence guaranteed. GLADYS-IRENE LEAHEY, Seven Park Ave., NYC MUrray Hill 6-4464.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED with intelligence and dispatch. PEGGY SWEET, 424 Madison Ave., NYC. PLaza 8-2740.

ELEANOR KING, literary agent books, novels, articles, stories, plays. 19 West 44 St., NYC 36.

RECORD MART

RARE OPERATICS, red seal, European imports; free lists; Westhoff, 931 Geary, San Francisco.

CHADWICK RECORD CLUB offers huge savings on all brands of long playing records and accessories. Write for information and free catalogue. CHADWICK RECORD CORPORATION, 1123 Broadway, New York 10, N. Y.

RARE RECORDS sold, lowly priced. Free lists. Collections bought. E. HIRSCHMANN, 100 Duncan Ave., Jersey City, N. J.

RECORDERS (ENGLISH FLUTES) KUENG Swiss import, also Dolmetsch, Purcell, and Barenreiter. Baroque (English fingering) $3.95, $5, $6.50 up. Recorder music and methods. Free catalogue R86, HARGAIL, 130 WEST 56 St., NYC.

FILMS

FILM IMAGES, 1860 Broadway, NYC 23. Write for 16mm catalogue.

IF YOU WANT TO START A FILM CLUB . . . send $1 for the "Film Society Primer," 96 pp., edited by Cecile Starr, published by the American Federation of Film Societies, 110-42 69th Ave., Forest Hills 75, N. Y.

SR's Index to 16mm reviews and articles. Send 10¢ to FILMS, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45 St., NYC 36.

BACK NUMBERS

MAGAZINES—millions of back issues, thousand titles. Try us. "Back Number" Wilkins, Danvers, Massachusetts.

OUT-OF-PRINT

FREE SERVICE, thousands of books—complete assortment fine sets. CRIST BOOK SHOP, 381 Wabasha, St. Paul, Minnesota.

HARD-TO-FIND Books located by specialists. No search charge. MADISON BOOKS, Box 386A, Madison Square Station, New York 10.

ANY BOOK LOCATED. Free catalogue. MID-WEST BOOK SERVICE, 4301 Kensington, Detroit 24, Mich.

YOU NAME IT—WE FIND IT! Prices surprisingly low! Fast service. Try us—no obligation. INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS, Box 3003-S, Beverly Hills, California.

ANY AVAILABLE BOOK LOCATED. Webb Book Service, 200 East Walter Road, South Bend 14, Indiana.

NAME THE BOOK—We'll get it! CHICAGO BOOKMART, Chicago Heights, Ill.

JOHN FRIEND, BOOKFINDER, can get the book you want. Free search service. Box 197SR, Cardiff, California.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOGUE. Scores of beautiful designs. Address BOOKPLATES, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

BOOKS

HERMANN RORSCHACH—Biography, photographs, bibliography by Henri Ellenberger, $1, 60 pp. BULLETIN OF THE MENNINGER CLINIC, The Menninger Foundation, Topeka, Kansas.

BRITISH BOOK BARGAINS—All subjects. Catalogue free. Wants solicited. Transbooks, Box 22-S, Brooklyn 26, N. Y.

ATHEIST BOOKS. 32-page catalogue free. TRUTHSEEKER CO., 38 Park Row, NYC 8.

EXTENSIVE STOCK OF SCHOLARLY BOOKS—Literature, etc. Catalogues issued. PYETELL'S BOOKSHOP, 33 Fifth Ave., Pelham 65, N. Y.

INDIAN-MAYA-INCA. Catalogue free. George Norin, 224 Purchase St., Rye, N. Y.

FOYLES FAMOUS BOOKSHOP. New, secondhand, rare and out-of-print Books on all subjects. Stock of over three million volumes. One of England's biggest collections of fine bindings. 119-125, Charing Cross-Road, London WC2, England.

BOOKS ON THE EAST: China, Japan, Siam, Burma, India, Central Asia, Persia, Arabia Egypt, etc. Send for catalogues. Established 1920. ORIENTALIA, 11 East 12 St., NYC 3.

FRENCH BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOKSHOP, 556 Madison Avenue, New York's French bookshop where French books are sold exclusively. Mail-order catalogue 40¢.

ART

STUDY IN BEAUTIFUL TAXCO! Springtime all year. Inexpensive living and tuition. Write for folder. Taxco School of Art, Taxco Guerrero, Mexico.

(Continued on page 42)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

(Continued from page 41)

PERSONALS

WHY DON'T YOU WRITE? Writing short stories, articles on business, hobbies, travel, etc. will enable you to earn extra money. In your spare time at home, we teach you to write the way newspapermen and women learn—by writing. FREE "Writing Aptitude Test" tells whether you possess the fundamental qualities essential to successful writing. Write today! Newspaper Institute of America, Suite 5216-M, One Park Avenue, New York 16.

MANHATTAN RESIDENT WISHES to complete his set of Quiller-Couch and/or Dover Wilson Shakespeare. Please write Box Z-752—giving plays available and their editions.

BRITISH SHOES FOR GENTLEMEN at a fraction of their American retail price! $9.95 includes duty and import charges. Delivery in ten days from receipt of order. Unconditional money-back guarantee. Write for free illustrated catalogue. Steven Williams Sr., Ltd., 40 Chatham Road, Short Hills, New Jersey.

YOUNG WIDOW, publishing business, desires small apartment in private home or apartment building, Westchester or lower Connecticut. Preferably near water. Reasonable. Excellent references. Box Z-754.

CHARMING, EXCLUSIVE GRAMERCY PARK—Attractive 1-room studio suites with full hotel service. PARKSIDE HOTEL, 18 Gramercy Park South, NYC. Transients from $3.50. Attractive weekly-monthly rates. GRamercy 5-6000.

HIGH SALARIES: Part-time weekly, monthly teaching. BA required. Freelance writers, scholars, teachers. Resume: Box Z-753.

IMPORTED RECORDERS-FLUTES. Swiss KUENG, Dolmetsch, Purcell, and Barenreiter. $3.95, $5, $6.50 up. Largest selection of recorders in the West. Free catalogue. PANPIPES, 1318 Grant Ave., San Francisco 11, California.

LOAF BREAD, Wine Jug, and cool, cool Jazz. Perhaps "THE BUD SHANK QUARTET"—a Hi-Fi LP by Pacific Jazz.

EXECUTIVE, EXPERIENCED, ten years Manager Inns, large Club, food connoisseur, seeks similar permanent position, or administrative work handling public, personnel. Exceptional references. Anywhere but New York City. Give details, salary. Personal interview, naturally. Lola G. Horton, Warm Brook Farm, Arlington, Vermont.

MAKE MELLOW MUSIC IMMEDIATELY with lovely imported rosewood Recorder. Perfect intonation. Not a toy. $14.50 complete. COOPER MUSICo., 62 East Division St., Chicago, Ill.

SPEECH CORRECTION—stuttering, lisping, accent. NYC license. M. A. Box Z-755.

HAS YOUR CLINIC, INSTITUTION, OR BUSINESS GROWING PAINS? You're "progressive?" You'll profit by my experience in Public Relations, Psychology (54 recent credits plus Rorschach—T.A.T.). Education, Sociology, Art, Secretarial. I seek spot for ideas with personnel or therapist, or research, and will start anywhere. Lady, 40, references. Box Z-757.

RUN SPARE-TIME GREETING CARD AND GIFT SHOP AT HOME. Show friends samples of our new 1956 Christmas and All-Occasion Greeting Cards and Gifts. Take their orders and earn to 100% profit. No experience necessary. Costs nothing to try. Write today for samples on approval. Regal Greetings, Dept. 100, Ferndale, Michigan.

VERSATILE LAWYER, SAN FRANCISCO BAY AREA, 28, bachelor, Korean veteran; interested law, business, literature, philosophy, psychology; seeks challenging work, preferably Europe. Box Z-750.

FAMILY ARMS—English, Scotch, Irish. Write M'WETHY, St. Johnsville, N. Y.

VERSATILE LADY, 46, seeks versatile partner perhaps hoping to travel (to share expenses) or co-author book on "How We Behave" or similar idea. References. Box Z-758.

PERSONALS

Wilderness Trail Trips—HAVASU CANYON "Gem of the Grand Canyon"—September 16 thru October . . . from $8 per day. MEXICO—A GYPSY TOUR, Southern Sonora—Alamos and back country—December-January. One and two week cycles . . . from $6 per day. Write for details and reservations: WAMPLER TRAIL TRIPS, Box 45, Berkeley, California.

"HOW CAN I FIND OUT?" You Can! Information confidentially developed. Any matter, person, problem. Worldwide. Officially licensed. Established 1922. WILLIAM HERMAN, 170 Broadway, NYC.

ANTIQUE POSTERS—CIRCUS, MINSTREL, DRAMA, GAY NINETIES. Spanish Toros, French Riviera, etc. Lists for stamp. Central Show Printing Co., Box S-617, Mason City, Iowa.

TOUR LEADERS DESIRED. Opportunity for persons familiar with the Near East to direct cultural, religious and pleasure tours. Free trip plus remuneration. Nametra, Inc., 550 Fifth Avenue, NYC.

HAVE YOU A SON OR DAUGHTER with creative talents who would thrive in small friendly college? Two-year degree programs in liberal arts, creative arts, secretarial studies. Windham College, Putney, Vermont.

SEEKING PEACE OF MIND? Free homestudy course in the Catholic religion. PAULIST INSTRUCTION CENTER, Dept. S, 2 Columbus Ave., NYC 23.

REPAIRERS OF THE IRREPARABLE. Restoring China, Glass, Silver, Art Objects, Ivory, Tortoise Shell, etc. Lamps mounted. HESS REPAIRS, 168 East 33 St., NYC 16. MUrray Hill 5-4280.

VACATIONS

STONEGATE LODGE on Long Lake, N. Y. Informal adult resort. Concert Trio. Sally Ray, international dancer, folk-square leader. Crafts. All Sports. Summer Stock. CIrcle 6-6386 (NYC).

PELICAN COVE—In unspoiled Florida Keys. Immaculate ocean-front apartments, beach, skin-diving, tennis, fishing, shelling, loafing. Improbable sunsets, impossible birds, balmy tropical isle. Literate, congenial company. Tom and Carolyn Brown, Islamorada, Florida.

KANDAHAR LODGE, MANCHESTER, VERMONT. Elevation 2,000 feet, midst the beautiful Green Mountain National Forest. Congenial companions. Restful, informal. Swimming, sports. Excellent food and accommodations. Folder.

HATHAWAY LODGE, THE LUXURY LODGE FOR ADULTS. Formerly the palatial 592-acre Macy estate "In The Hills of the Sky." Luxurious rooms, many with fireplaces. Private swimming pool. Magnificent mountain trails. Tennis, handball, all sports. Recordings, library. Square, folk and ballroom dancing. Superb American-Jewish cooking. 2¼ hours via Thruway. For reservations or booklet: HATHAWAY LODGE, Haines Falls, N. Y. Phone Tannersville 299.

HOLIDAY HAVEN—Quiet, comfortable, informal—Rooms, housekeeping apartment—swimming, cycling, surf or deep sea fishing or just settin' and lookin'. Rates reasonable. Box 297, Block Island, R. I.

LIKE THE COUNTRY? Come to Graymont, a Colonial farmhouse. Good food. R. D. 2, Middlebury, Vermont.

FARMS, HOTELS, welcoming children. Restful, reasonable. Call LOrraine 8-0700 (NYC).

INTERLAKEN INN—A charming resort on the most beautiful lake in the Berkshires. Golf, fishing. May 14-October 15. Brochure. Write Box 416, Lakeville, Connecticut.

GREEN SHADOWS, Old Lyme, Connecticut. Quiet, informal country life, good food, comfortable beds.

EDGEWATER HOUSE, LINCOLNVILLE BEACH, MAINE. U. S. Route #1, for that MAINE vacation.

AFTER ACTIVE DAY OUTDOORS: Swimming, boating, tennis, shuffleboard, volleyball, etc., fine food, congenial atmosphere, Hi-Fi concerts in Patio by starlight. Rustic Lodge, cabins, deep woods, privacy. Jacob's Pillow, Pro Musica Antiqua. Berkshire Playhouse. CHANTERWOOD, LEE, MASS. Folder S.

SOUTHWIND, WOODBOURNE, NEW YORK. Informal adult resort. Private lake. Fishing, Boating, Swimming, Tennis. Outstanding record collection. Excellent American cuisine.

VACATIONS

MUSIC INN AT LENOX, MASS. Folk and Jazz Roundtable August 12th to September 3rd. Modern Jazz Quartet in residence. Other famous musicians, writers, and critics. Tennis, swimming, boating, bicycling, barwas. Write Stephanie Barber.

SUMMER LINGERS LONGER on romantic Nantucket Island, a vacation paradise 30 miles at sea. In September . . . swimming in 70° water, fishing, your favorite sports . . . peaceful old-world charm, interesting historic areas, low pollen count. Modern inns, guest houses. Excellent restaurants. Free illustrated booklet. Write Nantucket Information Bureau, Nantucket 16, Mass.

SEPTEMBER IN THE ADIRONDACKS. THE LOG HOUSE, Thirteenth Lake, North River, New York. 600 acres surrounded by Forest Preserve. Cottages. Meals varied and best.

ATTENTION VEGETARIANS—Vacation at the DAVID STRY GUEST RANCH, Melbourne, Florida.

ECHO LAKE LODGE. Brandon, Vermont. Delightful adult resort directly on private lake, sandy beach. Deluxe cabins, private showers. Swimming. Tennis, summer theatres, delicious food. $50 to $60. Phone Hubbardton—CR 3-2501.

LOG CABINS IN THE PINES. Swimming, tennis, fishing, excellent food. NOKOMIS CAMPS, Surry, Maine.

COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills. Trout stream. Casual, intimate, luscious food. Swimming pool—horses, golf, lakes nearby. Country auctions, summer theatre. LEWIS & MARY FISHER, Bantam, Conn.

ARROWHEAD LODGE—Clay tennis courts, sports, folk-square dancing, entertainment. Informal. Telephone: CHelsea 2-2453 (NYC), Ellenville 502.

TARA—Delightful vacation resort Stamford, N. Y. American cooking, all sports, informal, congenial, no overcrowding. $40 week.

SUMMER AGAIN AT BLUEBERRY HILL! Lucullan Food. Nothing whatever to do. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

RETIRE IN MEXICO. Quaint Taxco houses, completely furnished, all conveniences. Prices from four to twenty thousand dollars. Servants available, ten dollars per month. Climate heavenly. Near Art School. Four driving hours north of Acapulco. Also, charming Cuernavaca villa, choice residential section, with garage, garden, tiled pool, three bedrooms with tiled baths, telephone and servants' quarters, completely furnished, all conveniences. Write PROPIEDADES FIGUEROA, Casa Figueroa, Taxco, Guerrero, Mexico.

AWAITING YOU, all dirty work done! Old Cape Cod year-round country home with great possibilities, beautifully situated on 115 acres. Considering today's costs, $24,000 price is low. Complete information on request. Fosdick, RFD 1, Claremont, New Hampshire.

SECLUSION 45 minutes from New York. River front, brook, waterfall, mature shrubs, trees. Small barn, house, approx. acre, $11,000. CHelsea 3-6571 (NYC) evenings.

RESTORED CAPE COD. Beautiful setting in country fifteen minutes from University of Connecticut. Box Z-756.

For Rent

FURNISHED SIX ROOM HOUSE on private beach. Automatic heat. One hour New York. September-November. Box Z-748.

APARTMENTS FOR RENT

LARGE ROOM AND BATH. Penthouse. Quiet apartment midtown (N.Y.C.). References required. $20 week. Box Z-749.

SUBLET—Manhattan, Gramercy Park area. Modern 1½ rooms, unfurnished, overlooking garden. Newly renovated house. 18 months minimum. Box Z-760.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRINTED IN THE U. S. A. BY THE CUNEO PRESS, INC.

KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1168

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

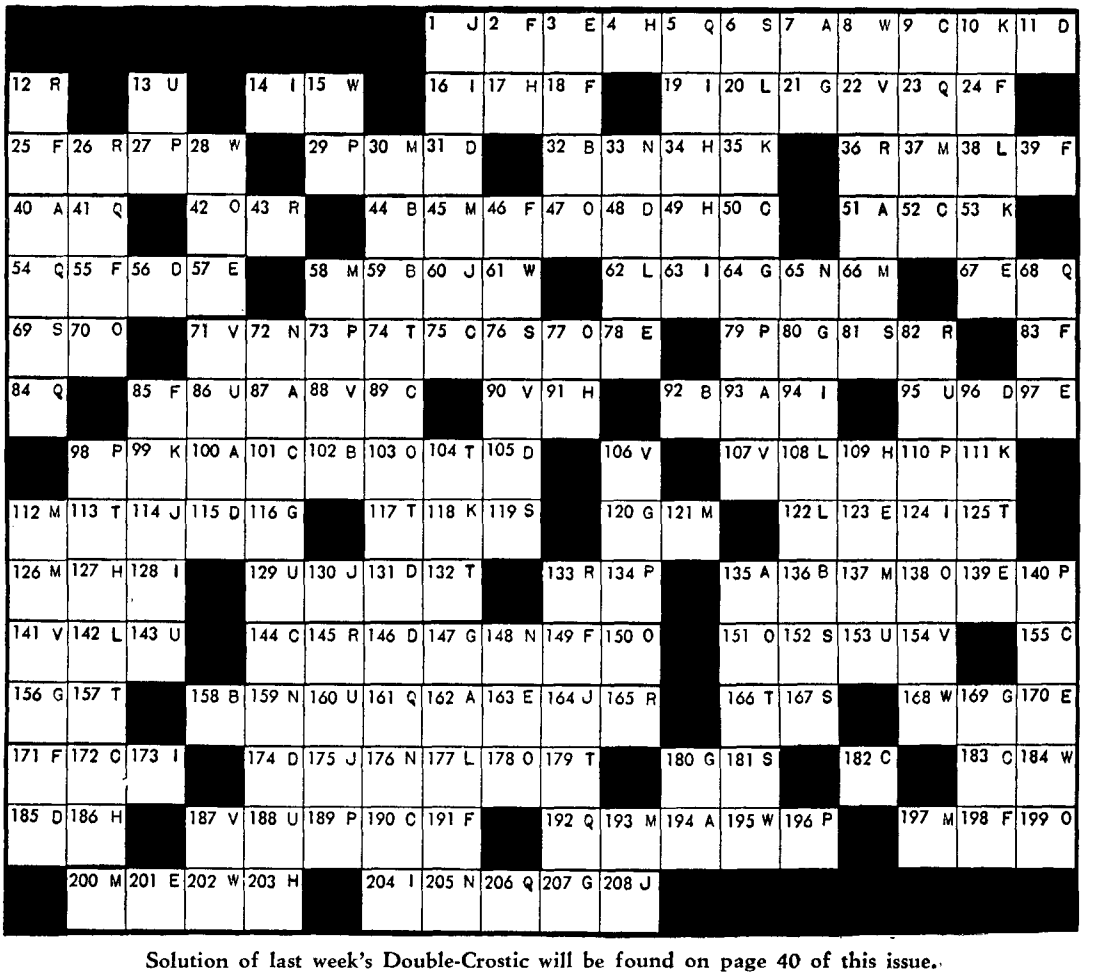
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. One who catches certain small marine creatures for frying whole.	135 194 162 51 87 40 7 100 93
B. Island group, SE Fijis, where first Wesleyan missionaries settled, 1835.	158 92 102 136 32 44 59
C. Self-produced substance compounded of ingredients in definite proportions by weight.	182 172 155 52 190 89 50 144 75 183 101 / 9
D. One trained in operative treatment of diseases of trees, esp. decay (2 wds.).	185 174 48 31 11 146 131 105 56 96 115
E. Dominated, prevailed upon.	123 3 163 170 67 97 201 57 139 78
F. One thing a witness must tell (3 wds.).	171 198 149 85 191 83 46 2 18 24 39 / 25 55
G. Indulgence in rich diets, "fast" pursuits, etc. (slang; 2 wds.).	156 180 116 80 147 169 64 120 21 207
H. Equal odds in betting (2 wds.).	4 49 203 127 109 17 34 91 186
I. What modern traffic has done again and again to narrow thoroughfares.	124 94 19 204 128 173 16 63 14
J. Discontentedly desirous.	208 1 60 114 130 175 164
K. Beautiful artists' model, 4th cent. B.C. (named for a toad?).	99 118 53 35 111 10

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
L. An engine in which the steam escapes through ports uncovered by the piston near the end of its stroke.	108 62 177 38 142 20 122
M. Device to remove certain legumes from pods (2 wds.).	112 193 126 121 197 30 66 45 200 58 37 / 137
N. Popular fruit beverage.	176 159 205 65 33 148 72
O. Vague, equivocal.	151 178 150 199 138 47 70 103 42 77
P. In drama the height of the action.	140 73 29 110 134 79 27 98 189 196
Q. One of a group of Englishmen of whom Gilbert and Sullivan wrote an operetta.	192 68 23 84 161 206 54 41 5
R. Corrective treatment of maladjusted or neurotic individuals.	145 36 82 26 43 12 133 165
S. Contemporary French cubist painter, collaborator with Le Corbusier on two books.	119 76 69 181 167 81 152 6
T. Clear perception of facts.	132 104 166 117 74 157 125 179 113
U. Consider as to explanatory reasons (2 wds.).	153 188 13 95 160 129 86 143
V. Sign of recognition among members of the same society or class.	90 106 141 88 107 187 154 71 22
W. Extra working period or periods.	15 168 61 195 28 184 202 8

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 40 of this issue.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Yorktown—where one miracle led to another

Moore House

D.A.R. member and family at Yorktown battlefield, Va.

They were 13 tiny American colonies — untrained, ill-equipped, dis-united — pitted against the overwhelming might of the British Empire. If their Revolution was successful, it would be a miracle.

That miracle finally happened at Yorktown, Virginia in 1781 when Cornwallis and his redcoats surrendered to George Washington . . . and the miracle that is America came to be.

Today this American shrine, as part of Colonial National Historical Park, teaches an exciting history lesson. You can wander the streets of a town little changed in 175 years . . . see the redoubts and battlements authentically reconstructed . . . learn at first hand how our freedom was won.

At Yorktown, too, you can see the handiwork of one of America's great organizations, the Daughters of the American Revolution. The Customs House, the oldest in the country, has been faithfully restored by the D.A.R.

In Washington, the Society maintains an excellent historical museum and one of the finest genealogical libraries in the world. But the greatest of the D.A.R.'s many contributions to the nation lies in its far-reaching program of patriotic education through which millions of children learn to become better citizens and to appreciate the miracle of America that began at Yorktown almost two centuries ago.

As long as such work continues, that miracle will continue to be a potent force for freedom in the world . . .

FREE Tour Information

If you would like to visit Yorktown, Va. or drive anywhere in the U. S. A., let us help plan your trip. Write: Tour Bureau, Sinclair Oil Corporation, 600 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y. — also ask for our colorful National Parks Map.

SINCLAIR SALUTES THE DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION for their accomplishments in three major endeavors — the historical appreciation of the past, patriotic service in the present, and educational training for the future.

SINCLAIR
A Great Name in Oil

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED